BRITANNIA and EVE

NOVEMBER
1941

C. PATRICK THOMPSON
DALE COLLINS
FERDINAND TUOHY
JANE GORDON
F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

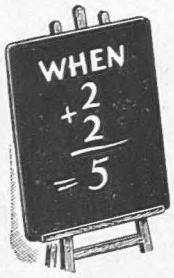
COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

Let's talk about your child's FOOD

We women at the Ministry of Food who assist Lord Woolton in answering your letters, share his deep interest in helping you to feed your children properly in war-time. Our hearts are in it: many of us have children of our own and, like yourselves, we are practical housewives. We know how worrying it is when you can't buy foods the children are used to. But we have been trained to know food values and how one food can take the place of another if necessary; and we are glad of the opportunity to share that knowledge with you. Here are points from replies to some recent letters.

Your child's milk.

As you know, the allocation is a pint of milk a day for the holder of a Child's Ration Book; half a pint for those who are under eighteen at the end of this year. Not too bad for a nation at war; but not a drop too much. Milk is the most important of all foods for children, *so see that the youngsters get their milk in full.* For instance, a milk pudding made with the children's milk should be eaten only by the children. Make the grown-ups in the family understand that children need milk most.



Dried Peas, beans, oats, national wheatmeal bread, lentils; each has some body-building nourishment of itself. Combine milk with any one of them, such as in soups, with porridge or as bread and milk and you get not only the added nourishment from the milk, but more body-building value from the other food too. It's as if two and two made five.

For the child who can't or won't drink milk.

Milk will do just as much good in soups, puddings, or cocoa (cocoa adds valuable iron). Some people find milk more digestible, and others like it more, when it is hot, or in cooked dishes.

Something for breakfast.

Something new and delightful, too. Cut some pieces of wheatmeal bread into very small cubes and bake until crisp and golden. Serve hot or cold, with hot or cold milk. This is a good way to use up stale bread or odd crusts. Or make wheatmeal rusks by baking larger pieces or half-slices of wheatmeal bread. Serve them with a drink of milk.

Cheese is good for children.

Cheese is an extremely valuable body-builder and contains material for building bones and teeth. It is therefore a very important food for children. *Grate* the cheese and sprinkle it on bread or salads, etc. In making cheese dishes, such as macaroni cheese or cheese soups, grate the cheese and add it just at the last moment before serving.

Some foods that give protection against colds.

See that the children get their full ration of butter, margarine and milk. Also plenty of carrots, broccoli tops, watercress, spinach. Mustard and cress, parsley, and tomatoes are very good. So are herrings.

.. *Issued by The Ministry of Food.* (S.21)

ATKINSONS

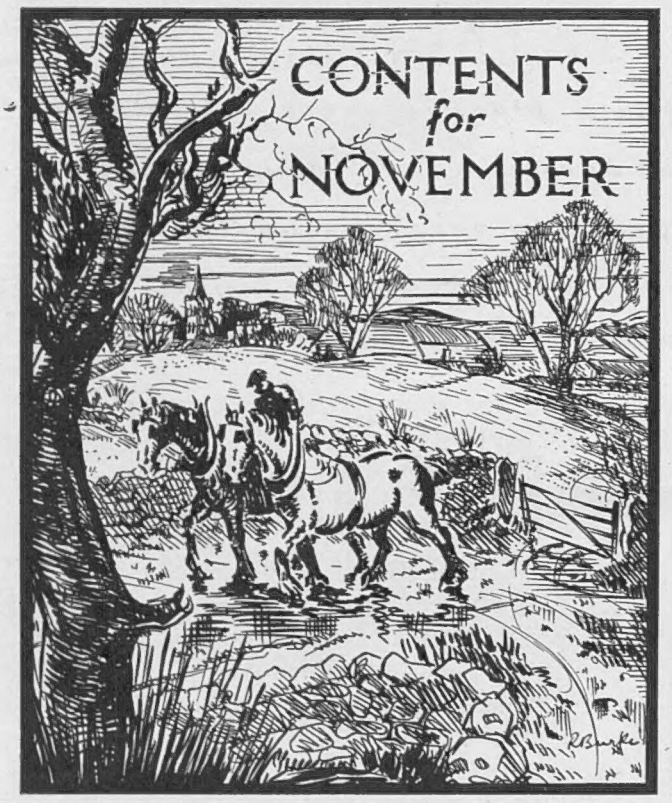
Eau de Cologne

In those elegant days of Beaus & Broughams and the Seasons at Bath, Atkinsons Eau de Cologne was the favourite essence of the world of fashion. Now, nearly a century and a half later, the name Atkinsons still means all that's best, all that's real, all that's traditional and original in Eau de Cologne. And if in these days you cannot always get your Atkinsons, please don't blame us: be grateful when you *can* get it: be patient when you can't.

ATKINSONS OF OLD BOND STREET

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 23, No. 5 NOVEMBER, 1941



Cover Design

by *Nat Long*

Articles

Brave To-morrow :
by *C. Patrick Thompson*
Decoration by *J. Nicolson* 6–7 and 68

Dockland :
by *Ben Bennison* 8 and 52

How They Spend the Winter :
by *B. Melville Nicholas* 13 and 60

Front-Line Cinderella :
by *Ferdinand Tuohy* 16–17 and 51

Old Tales Re-told :
From Slave to Emperor—Basil the First :
Written and Illustrated
by *F. Matania, R.I.* 21–24 and 64

Home Section

On Duty—and Off :
by *Jane Gordon* 29 and 63

Health and Beauty :
by *Chrysis*

Cold Comfort : 30–31 and 67

The Thought Behind It : 30–31

Stripped and Painted :
by *Winifred Lewis* 32–33

How to Keep Warm : 34

Make These Yourself :
They are Easy, Cheap, Need no Coupons 35

Dress :
by *Jean Burnup* 36–37

Knitting :
Elegance in Black : 38 and 66
Comfort in Grey : 38 and 66

Visitors Bring Their Own Manners : 39

Patchwork Comes Back : 39

Home Service : 40–41

In The Soup :
by *Harriet Muir* 42–43

Mary Young's Purchase Tactics : 43

Don't, Darling :
by *Louisa Kay* 44

Counter-Attract : 46

10 Minutes for Beauty: 48

General

British History in Stone—No. 11 :
Earl Kitchener of Khartoum: 5 and 52

Books :
Reviewed by *Noel Thompson* 28 and 62

Stories

The Planes Must Get Through :
by *Day Russell*
Illustrated by *Edward Osmond* 9–12 and 54

Into Action :
by *G. Hackforth-Jones*
Sketches by *Jack Matthew* 14–15 and 57

The Bright Lights :
by *Dale Collins*
Illustrated by *Jack Faulks* 18–20 and 70

Reunion :
by *W. E. Johns*
Illustrated by *W. Smithson-Broadhead* 25–27 and 67

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 72. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3½d.

Streamlined Pleats ALL ROUND . . .

A Gor-ray KONERAY Pleated Skirt "hangs" as exquisitely at the back as it does at the front. Its knife-edged pleats are graduated to taper off in the same unbroken lines to snug-fitting, single material over the hips. No gaping where the stitching commences mars their symmetry; no "pull" causes them to come unstitched. Sold in a variety of good quality materials by drapers and stores everywhere. Prices from 2 Gns.

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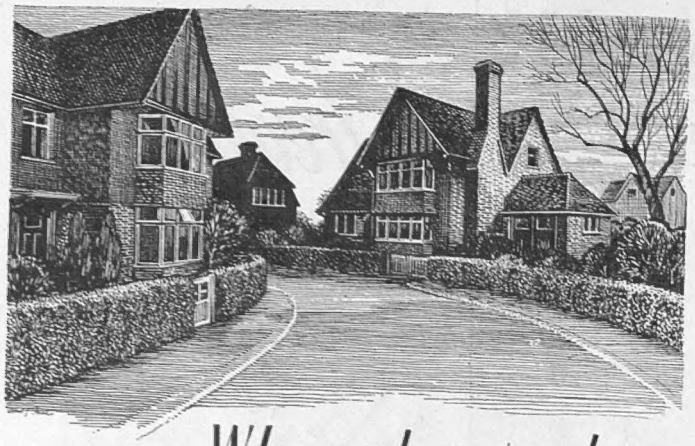
PATENT PENDING

PLEATED SKIRTS



When day is done

The curtains are drawn early now. How rich they look in the firelight! How gracefully they hang . . . thanks to "Rufflette" tape. Alas! that "Rufflette" tape, hooks, rings, and curtain rail — so popular before the war — are now so scarce. Luckily some shops still have stocks. It's comforting to know they don't need coupons. And it's good to know that their workrooms can still turn out lovely curtains like these.

'Rufflette'
BRAND

CURTAIN TAPE (with woven pockets)
ALSO HOOKS, RINGS AND RAILS

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THOMAS FRENCH & SONS LTD., MANCHESTER, 15

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(NARROW WOVEN FABRICS AND METAL SMALLWARES)

LA LAINE knitting wool

has its place in every well-planned wardrobe where only the best materials receive consideration.

Knitted jersey from La Laine Leaflet No. 2114.

In difficulty write BAIRNS-WEAR Ltd., Dept. LL., 25, Perry Rd., Nottingham.

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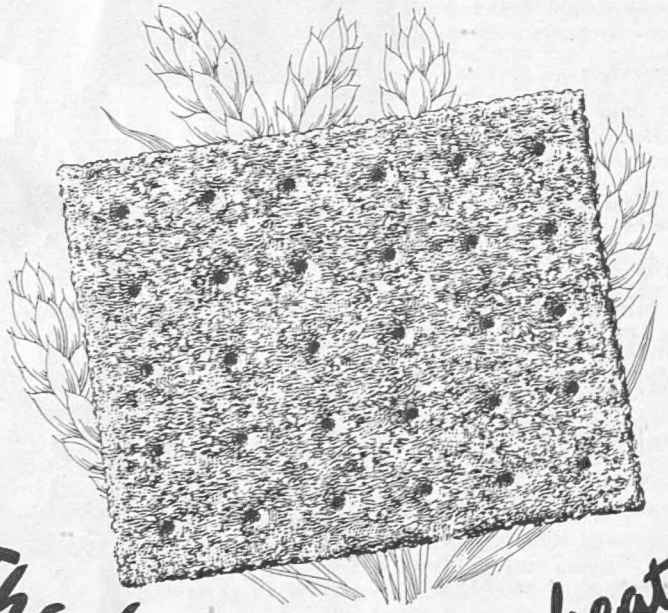

The best of the wheat

Macvita is pure, appetising nourishment; it is just the best of English wheat presented in crisp, biscuit-like form. Good in itself; even more enjoyable with butter, cheese or preserves. Quantities are somewhat limited but are being distributed equitably throughout the country.

The public can be supplied only through retail shops and stores.

MACVITA

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FOR ANTHRACITE FUEL

The ESSE Minor is independent of public power supply services.

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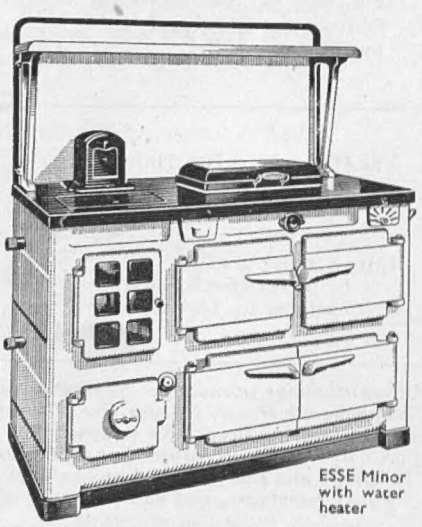


ESSE Minor with water heater

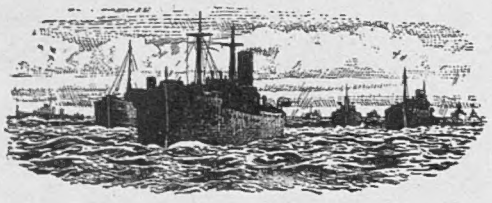
How nice to see someone with a pre-war complexion . . . healthy, well groomed, glowing. Women find things difficult these days. 'Can't get cosmetics' they say; but after all you can still get a little Pomeroy Skin Food and Pomeroy Cleansing Cream . . . and it takes very little Pomeroy to keep your skin beautiful. *Advice and treatment still available at Jeannette Pomeroy Salon, 27, Old Bond Street, W.1.*

JEANNETTE

Pomeroy

BEAUTY PRODUCTS

The Secret of the Pomeroy Skin



BIG STEAMERS

A famous poet once reminded us that "the bread we eat . . . and the sweets that we suck" have to be brought to us by sea, and that if anyone hindered the coming of those "big steamers" we should starve.

OUR sailors know the risks they take—but they still go on, keeping our lifelines intact. To bring in the tools we need, the food that is so vital.

Be worthy of their endeavours. We are all on half rations for our Sweetmeats, and so the proper thing for us all to do is to reduce our own purchases. Then there will be a fair share for everybody. If anyone gets more than their half, then it means someone else has to do without. And very often that means the children, whose need is, of course, the greatest.

Will you help? We are doing all we can to distribute evenly and fairly, and so are the shopkeepers.

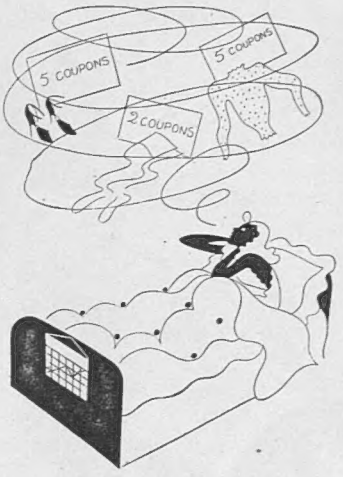
Mackintosh's 'Quality Street'

OFFICIAL PRICES

"Quality Street" and "Double Centre" Assortments - - - - 8d. per qtr. lb.
½ lb. Box 1s. 4d. - - Handy Packet 6d.
"Rolo" & "Butt-o-Scotch" 2½d. pr pkt.
"MAX" Chewing Gum - ½d. per packet.

Aristoc

TO THE RESCUE

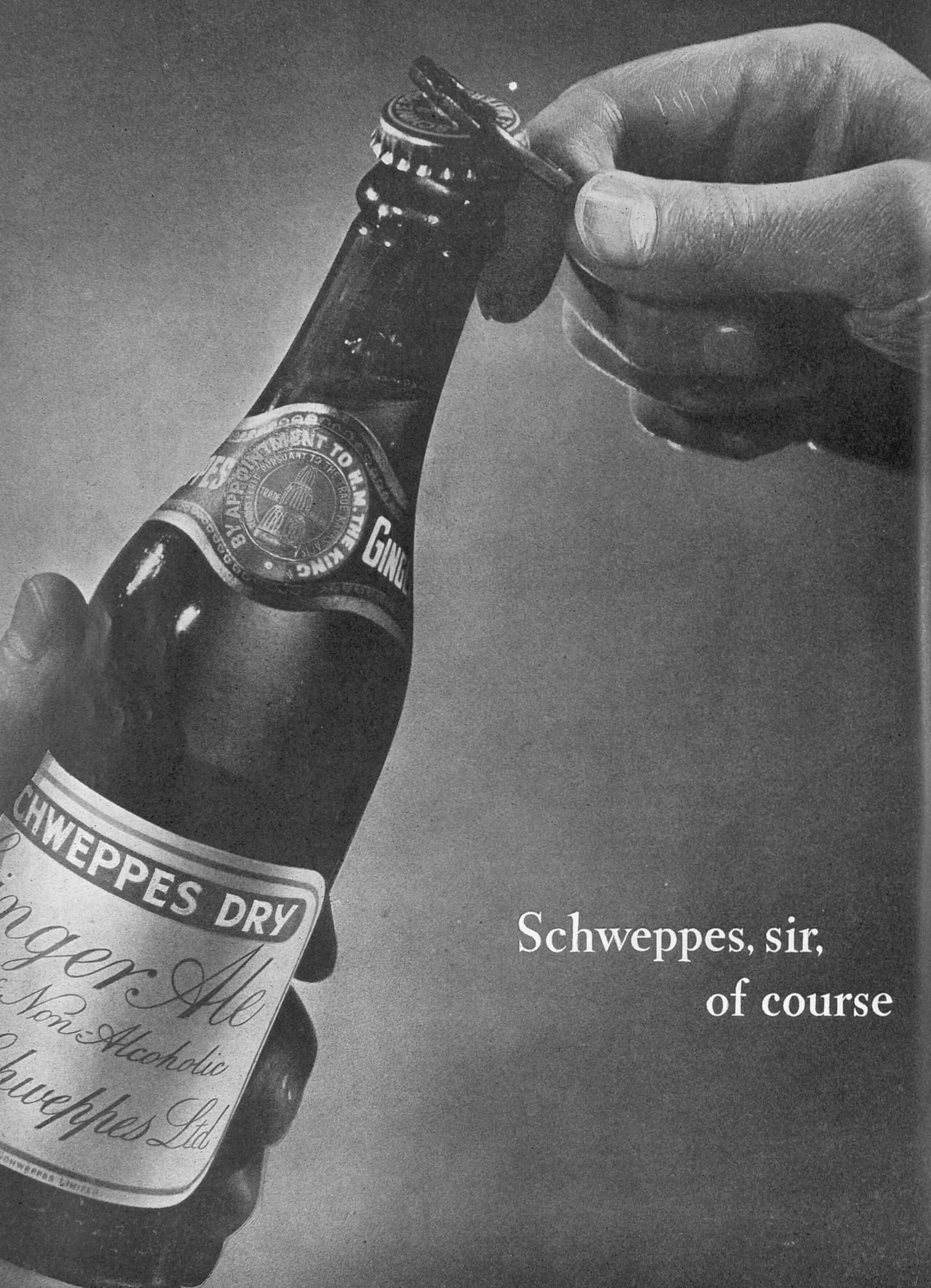


POOR thing, she's suffering from a sharp attack of couponitis—marked by feverish fits of worry about the best way to divide up her coupons between stockings—and the rest! The cure for this complaint is to decide quite firmly to buy only ARISTILE and RAYSTOC, Aristoc's two new war-time substitutes. Aristile is a handsome and hard-wearing lisle, Raystoc a dim-textured rayon, and because they're made by Aristoc they are just as good as substitutes can be. So make friends with your stocking shop and ask them to tell you when they have their first delivery of ARISTILE and RAYSTOC. The limited supplies will be distributed fairly throughout the country.

SAVE COUPONS BY INVESTING COUPONS IN

Aristile AND Raystoc

The Aristocrats of Lisle and Rayon Stockings

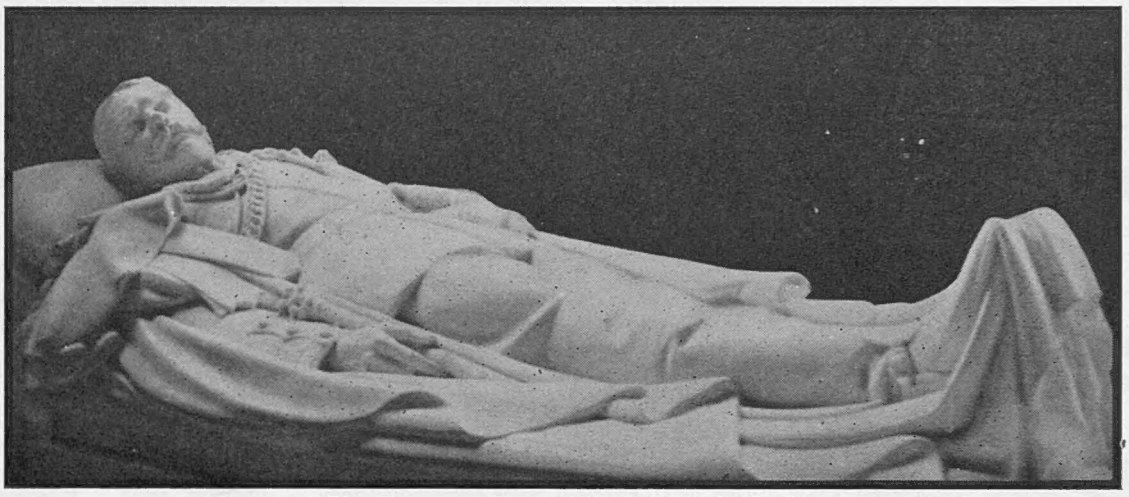


Schweppes, sir,
of course

BRITISH HISTORY IN STONE

No. 11

Earl Kitchener of Khartoum, 1850-1916



The Kitchener effigy in the chapel in St. Paul's

IT was a May afternoon, but the wind was keen and brisk across the anchorage of the Grand Fleet lying in Scapa Flow.

The wardroom, gunroom and seamen's flats of the *Iron Duke* were brisk with gossip.

"It was him," a dozen different men were saying. "I saw him. And he's not an easy man to mistake."

Truly, Lord Kitchener was not an easy man to mistake. For years that imperious moustache and steely stare had symbolised British prestige east of Suez. With war declared, the moustache and stare were among the first to be conscripted: they faced the nation from hundreds of thousands of posters, with the addition of an accusing forefinger and the words "Your Country Needs You."

"Wonder what he's up here for?" asked the crew of the *Iron Duke*.

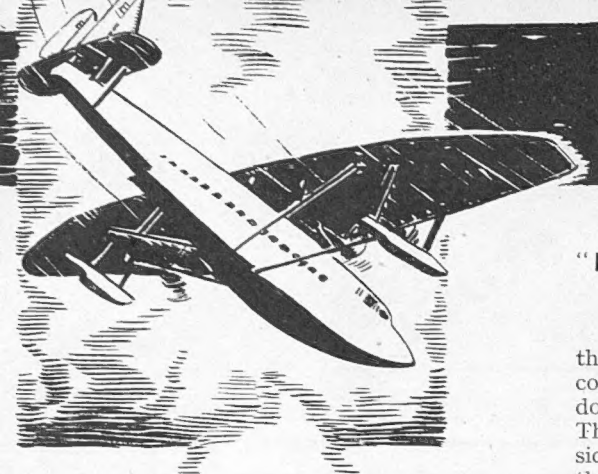
Across the anchorage the cruiser *Hampshire* could be seen preparing for sea. It was towards the *Hampshire* that presently the pinnace with the mysterious visitor was making. There was no mistake about it now; it *was* Lord Kitchener who on this afternoon in May, 1916, was setting out on a voyage under sealed orders.

Horatio Herbert Kitchener from County Kerry was seen as the strong man of the war still; or at least those same familiar features were the symbol of strength. Had the Grand Fleet sailors who saw him in his last few hours alive but known it, Kitchener was anything but the strong man of the moment. He was in eclipse, the victim of the political machine and his own unbending will.

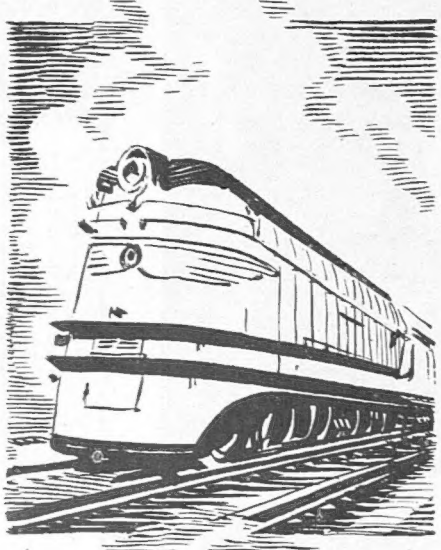
The story started two years before, and was also staged on a ship. On August 3, 1914, the Channel boat was just about to leave Dover when a telegram was handed to Kitchener. It was from Mr. Asquith. "Please return to London at once," it said. Kitchener was then British Agent and Consul-General in Egypt, titles which gave no impression of the tremendous power he wielded. He was on leave at the time and en route back to his post in Egypt. What sort of a man was he? Not unlike that other Anglo-Irish soldier, the Duke of Wellington, in the softness of heart hidden behind the imposing military façade. Kitchener was a sentimentalist and something of a mystic. He had enjoyed for the greater part of his life (he had been forty-six years in the army by 1914, having been born in 1850) what we might now designate as totalitarian powers: he distrusted and could make neither head nor tail of the English at home. He knew them in the East, and he knew the East itself; and its mind. Over twenty years before, as Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, he had laid the foundation of his great military career, which had started in most unconventional circumstances in the war of 1870, when he fought with the French in the Army of the Loire.

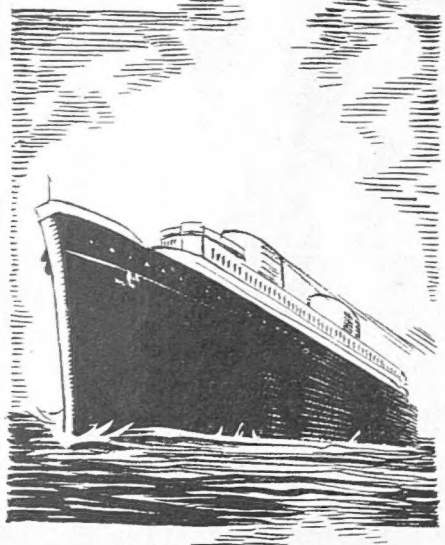
There had been the subjugation of the Mahdi, Wady Halfa, the Sudan, Omdurman, Fashoda and finally Khartoum. He was the architect of British power in the Middle East. Then had come the South African War against the Boers, started by other generals amid a welter of muddle, incompetence and pig-headed stupidity. He wore the Boers down in three years of guerrilla fighting, drafted extremely lenient peace terms, then returned to England more than ever a hero. Wrote T. P. O'Connor of Kitchener, as he saw him sitting in the Peer's Gallery listening to the debate on the proposed £50,000 grant for his services: "The large, strong mouth, heavily covered with the brush-like moustache; the strong, square jaw; the tremendously heavy brows; the strange glittering eyes and even the brick-red complexion . . . all the features of a strong, fierce, dominant nature were really brought out into greater relief by an occasional smile . . . it was the typical face of the Irish Resident Magistrate."

And on August 3, 1914, he was brought back from Dover to become Secretary of State for War. What had been in the mind of the amiable but pacific Mr. Asquith before Germany threw down the gauntlet? What would have been the course of the war if (*Continued on page* 52)



BRAVE





"THE war is one thing. We have to see that nothing like it happens again. But that's not all. It is very much in my mind that we have to see that the economic conditions which have had so much to do with this war don't happen again. The world economic machine has been sick. We have to cure it, or we shall win this war only to lose it in the long run."

It was a member of the Churchill War Cabinet. His name doesn't matter, this was an informal, off-the-record talk, not a formal interview.

We were discussing money, trade, exchange, politics of capital and labour, of Roosevelt and America, and of Hitler and Germany; but if you put it all into a pot and boil it down, we were talking of men and women, and their children, and homes, and families, the world over, to-day, and to-morrow.

And as we talked, of yesterday, and to-day, and to-morrow, I had a flashing glimpse of a bolder and better world, where men were guided more by what might be, rather than by what had been and could be again, and where the failures of yesterday failed to daunt the adventurers of to-morrow from renewing their attack on dangerous mountains.

Many people tend to pessimism when they talk about "after the war." So many gigantic readjustments have to be made, so many enormous messes—political, economic, monetary—cleaned up. Can we really fight through to a world capable of stability and growth?

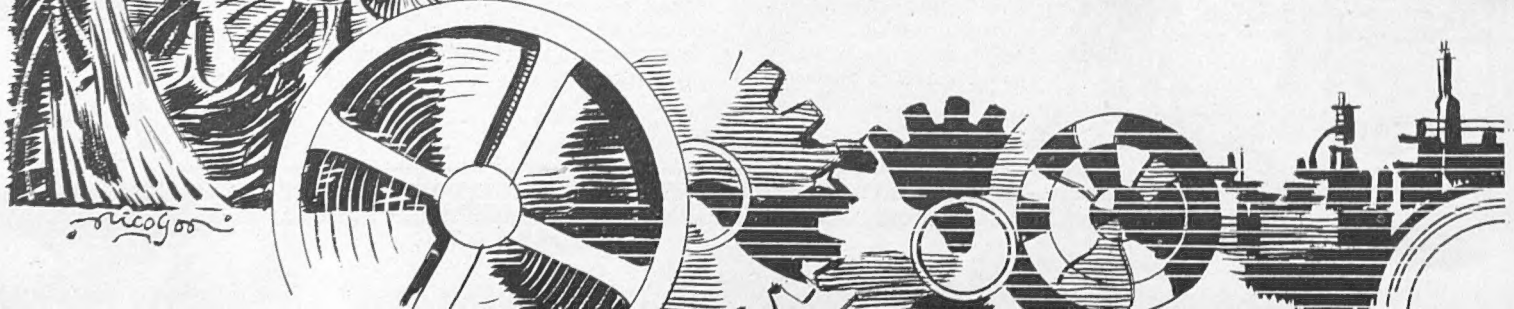
"One war has been won, only to lead to another. One world economic conference has failed: how can another succeed? Fascism, dictatorship, new deals, were old stories when the Cæsars of the ancient world were young: how can we break out of a human pattern which constantly recurs, as death follows life? Western civilisation is in decay: why try to stay the inevitable process?" And so on. All these fatalisms and shoulder-shruggings fade when one talks to the men who are planning undismayed for the post-war world.

THIS thought came to me more vividly a few days later, when I was talking to an engineer. Amid the grinding roar of a mill he yelled technical detail about a material his machines were producing. But the high-light on that came in a comment in the relative quietude of his office. "It's funny," he remarked, flexing a length of new-type white metal. "We're making this to kill, and it's highly lethal. But after the war we can turn this to excellent peace-time use, and it will be a life-saver. Of course, we should have solved this metallurgical problem years ago, but it seems that wars are necessary to teach us lessons we can't learn any other way. To-morrow," he added, "we'll look back and be astounded at what a clearance this war has made in obsolete methods, machines, and men."

It is true enough. Our world is being remade in the crucible of war. To-morrow we shall see more than the rebirth of smashed cities. New cities will arise, and new industries generated by new inventions and processes will develop rapidly to provide jobs for millions. It is not only in factories and laboratories that new things are shaping. Men are devising fresh and more effective ways of handling the central problems of our civilisation based on our hordes of metal robots, the machines. Some of them would have come anyway; others, the war has brought in as experiments and emergency programmes, but the best ingredients will tide over into the post-war world.

In the old world, production was the bugbear. Owing to absence of machines, and of knowledge and skilled workers, it took so much money and toil to produce anything, that very few could enjoy the use of what was produced, because few could foot the bill. The coming of the machine and mass production methods reversed that. Production techniques left all other sides—moral, political, financial, and some more—panting on the verge of the race-track. Up to the war, we weren't facing under-production, but over-production problems. Much of the capital invested in productive and distributing business seemed lost, or imperilled, because in a too short space of time, it had become linked to obsolete methods.

Now, the scientist, industrial production man, engineer, salesman and financier, are beginning to work as a team. Industry in general has now reached a phase when its most important task is not to perpetuate itself, but to spawn offspring. Our human story is the story, first of new inventions and their application to human needs, and subsequently of the development of new industries from the germ of new inventions. People who are rather dazed by the internal organs of a motor, radio, or an automatic lathe—mechanisms which they can operate simply by pulling levers, and pressing pedals and knobs, and turning dials—are apt to forget that once much simpler devices appeared greater miracles: and, indeed, laid the foundation for the modern miracles of metallurgy, engineering, and chemistry. The greatest of all human inventions is the wheel; and history leaves no record of its inventor. Civilisation began when man began to cultivate the soil and plan his crops; but we don't know who invented the plough, although we still use that original invention, hitched to a tractor revolved by an internal-combustion engine. Modern industry is



TOMORROW

A Vivid Description of How the Post War World will Probably Appear

By C. Patrick Thompson

ONE can get a vivid glimpse of the changes we face from a comparison of Edison and Steenstrup. Every schoolboy knows Edison; but who knows Steenstrup? The fact is that invention has become a matter of team work, and so is largely anonymous. No individual is rich enough, or has the brain power and energy, to achieve major results at this stage of the technological story. Only a great corporation with immense funds, and years of time to work in, and a whole team of research workers, can handle to-day's research jobs.

Edison was a one-man band. Corporations handed him research work they did not know how to handle, or were not equipped to handle. They provided funds, and Edison went laboriously to work. He did things in years which a modern team could do in months. He rode a scientific progress tide. He is renowned as the inventor of the telephone. But he beat Bell to it by only two hours. The telephone would have been invented without Edison, and so would the electric light.

Steenstrup, with 112 patents in his name, is one of the world's great inventors. But he is one of the big teams which staff the great laboratories of the world's biggest electrical equipment makers; and so he does not hit the headlines. One of his unpatented inventions is the organisation of ideas. He persuaded his company's chiefs to encourage the 90,000 employees to generate and bring forward ideas. Last year nearly 27,000 ideas were advanced, over 10,000 were adopted, and the company paid for them all. One Polish widow, with two children, who had come to one of the company's machine shops from a bakery, produced fifty-four ideas, and got so many accepted and awarded that out of her ideas money she bought herself a house. That, too, is one of the infants which will be growing up to-morrow: the spread of the notion, among key men in business and industry, that all the workers in their group are a vital part of the life of the group, and may have something that will contribute to the general economic health of all.

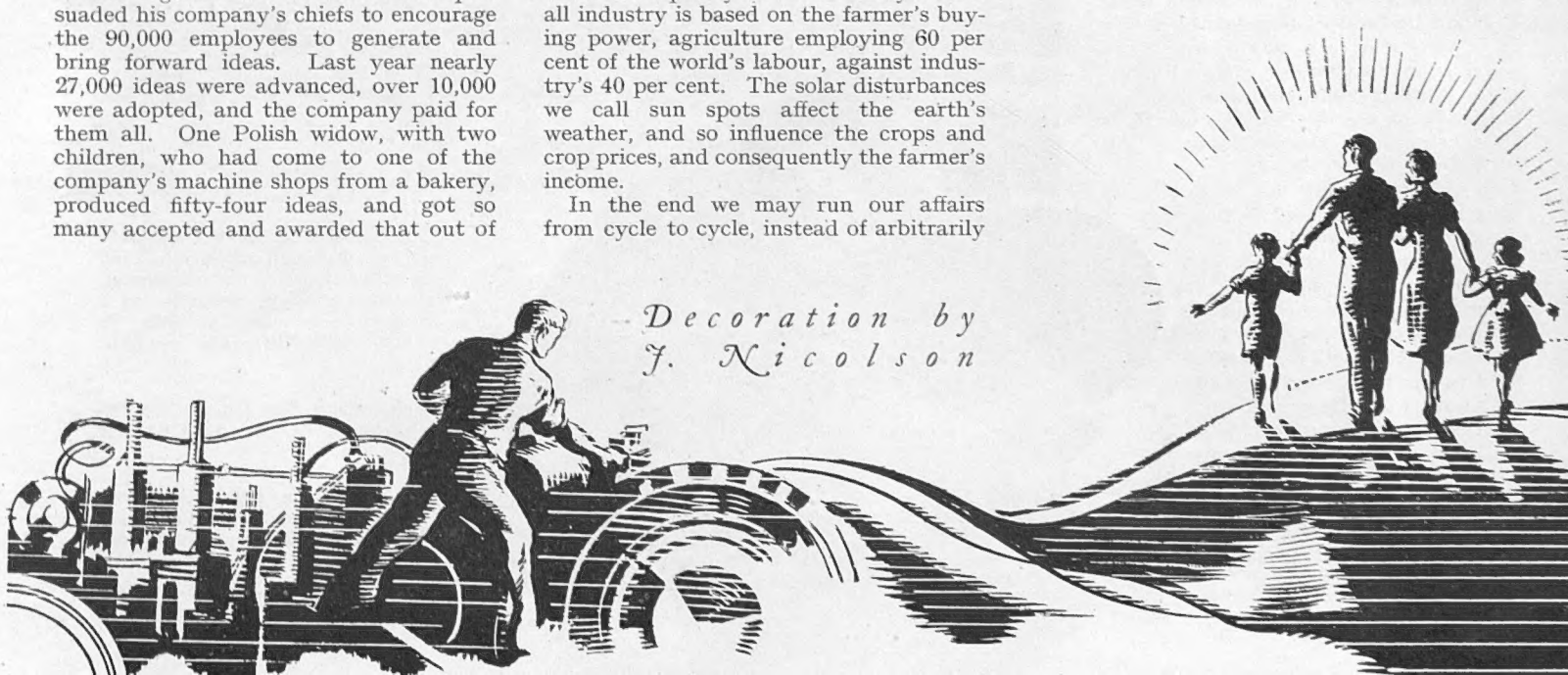
In to-morrow's world we shall have a new conception of time. Men will traverse oceans and continents in a matter of hours instead of days, and days instead of weeks, and they may produce oil and coal, and iron and ships, and radios and motor cars and houses, in half the time taken by machines and methods to-day; but instead of working and accounting from year to year, they will tend more and more to work and think in terms of decades. Short views have caused so many of the catastrophes of our world. The Americans have come to recognise this, and one of their practical recognitions is to re-elect the Chief Executive for a third term—giving him a twelve- instead of a four-year run. We currently run our finances on a one-year basis, but enlightened economists, like Mr. J. M. Keynes, propose a longer time period, of three years at least; and Keynes, a former outside critic, is now on the inside, as a member of the Court of Directors of the Bank of England, and a Treasury adviser.

We know that a normal trade cycle runs ten to eleven years, and seems geared to the sun-spot cycle. The theory is that all industry is based on the farmer's buying power, agriculture employing 60 per cent of the world's labour, against industry's 40 per cent. The solar disturbances we call sun spots affect the earth's weather, and so influence the crops and crop prices, and consequently the farmer's income.

In the end we may run our affairs from cycle to cycle, instead of arbitrarily from calendar year to calendar year, now being depressed by slump and now elated by boom, and now making a huge loss, which suggests inefficiency, and now a huge profit, which suggests profiteering. The experiment of the so-called "ever-normal granary" a stocking of farm surpluses from bumper years to tide over lean years, and to iron out inequalities of price created by scarcity and glut, is a symptom of the move towards longer views and better planning to prevent the catastrophe of recurrent slump and boom.

We shall be more economical, and so more efficient. Waste is one of the main blocks in the canal along which our society moves towards that dream port of five-hour working days, ample leisure, low-cost travel, and more of the amenities of life for more people. Coal, for instance, was used so wastefully that it was as though men burnt down a house to get at the nails. The size of coal bills made everything cost too much. Science then took a hand, and gradually coal was used so much more efficiently that per ton of coal-consumed trains travelled farther, more gas and electricity were produced, and goods were produced more cheaply. Surplus coal-miners were drawn off into other industries, and their sons rose in the economic scale instead of dully following father through a job in the home pits.

That process is under way again over a wider field. Old aluminium which would be thrown away has been retrieved and turned into the equivalent of 4,000 fighter planes or 740 big bombers. In America, use of reclaimed rubber and elimination of white sidewall tyres—which take 2 lb. more rubber—has cut consumption of rubber from 800,000 to 600,000 tons, saving both money and ship space. Substitutes have been found for tapioca in adhesives, and ilmenite in white paint, and a haul of these materials from the Far East has been eliminated—freeing 400,000 tons of shipping for more important cargoes. (*Continued on page* 68)



Decoration by J. Nicolson

Dockland

No Home Love is comparable with that of the Dwellers in Mean Streets

By Ben Bennison

A BABY girl, her chubby, unwashed face aglow with mischief, waddled and paddled through pools of rain and flopped down on a heap of rubble to play a game of make-believe, gloriously, roguishly, scooping into her tiny hands the crunchings of bricks and mortar with which to stock her dream shop. To a lean, bedraggled dog that looked on through reddened eyes, his preposterous ears cocked at the full, she invited to pick and choose and buy; he blinked and smirked and wagged a matted tail in ready understanding. For he, too, was intent upon building bridges of fancies. Besides, on this, and for many days, there remained nothing else to do: like the child he belonged to a place of ghosts and skeletons.

And as I took a mental photograph of baby and mongrel I shed bobbers of tears. Not, I hasten, tears of mere pity, but tears that gushed from incredulity. I had not allowed for realism so stark and naked. For in a desert of desolation I had found, with a certainty at once startling and unbelievable, the very soul of London reposed in a child of the blitz. There she was, laughing, prattling, indescribably happy until her legs, playing her false, somersaulted her into a hopeless tangle and her corner shop tumbled about her. As proof that she was entirely human she cried with hearty gusto. The dog yelped to share her troubles, and from nowhere, so it seemed, a woman rushed to carry off a bundle of precocity into what served as a home, a windowless, roofless, bombed and blasted, drunk thing awaiting demolition by a nearby squad of big-muscled, hard-swearing men who were bowling over this and that cruelly-hacked tenement as easily as they would have spread-eagled rows of skittles to roar defiance at the Butchers of Berlin amid storms of choking dust.

I tingled with the philosophy of common folk; the philosophy that promises "to-morrow when there shall be born of unspeakableness a better world, a world free from thuggery, and worse than murder."

Popular reaction to a tour of and study of heavily bombed places is to chorus: "How the people can take it." Pride, faith, a spirit that may never be conquered — that is their supreme quality.

For so they are bred, and nowhere does the breed the more surely persist than in the crowded areas laid to waste. Not in all my wandering during the twelve months that have gone since the first bombings of London have I been so emphatically in the front line than when I renewed acquaintance with a part of Canning Town that I had come to know well and intimately some score of years ago: and as I watched the baby girl making high revel in what was left of her particular street a diffident sun burst into splendour to paint a picture beyond the compass of a living artist to create.

The very remoteness of the tiny tot from war brought life and laughter into what otherwise would have been an affrighting morgue. Yet she emphasised the horrors of war, and was at once the problem and despair of high-minded men and women who day and night toil in the stricken fields of Britain: she was of the untransplantables, the explanation of a deep-rooted aversion to evacuation to the safety of the countryside. But is it wholly wrong for families to refuse, except under compulsion, shelter in strange places among strange people? Not to a student of psychology. No home love is (*Continued on page* 52)

The Dockland Settlement as it looks to-day. Although sadly chipped and scorched by showers of incendiaries, it stood proudly, defiantly, as a beacon in a world of woe, its model full-sailed ship symbolic

(*Left*) Major Ben Tinton, Warden of the Dockland Settlement

(*At top of the page*) A bomb-damaged street in the neighbourhood of the Dockland Settlement

The Planes

Must *Get* Through

An Incident in the Atlantic Ferry Service

By Day Russell

HAPPY LARSEN eased the big plane over a certain secret airport in Newfoundland and brought it down to a perfect landing with the habit of years of experience.

The flight from Montreal, undertaken at short notice, had been uneventful, and familiarity had long taken the novelty off the long land and sea route.

Mechanics were already by the plane as Happy climbed down to the hard-packed snow of the runway, and through the gathering darkness he saw a familiar Scotch face.

"Hullo, Jock; how 're things?"

"It 's you again, Mr. Larsen?"

"It 's me all right, Jock. They 're overworking the old war horse."

"Overwork, ye say?" grinned Jock. "Why the other day someone discovered we were taking time off to eat."

Happy Larsen stood for a moment by the plane and took a deep breath. It was funny how every airport in the world, and he had smelt his share of them, had its own peculiar smell, some of them subtle, but all distinctive. He breathed deeply. This one was a cocktail of chill damp air with a dash of sea salt and a strong dose of pine-trees dominating the rest—a good clean smell.

His tiredness faded under its tonic effect as he crossed to the control room to report. The Company Manager happened to be there as he made his report.

"Have a good trip, Larsen?" he asked in his deceptively soft English voice. There was nothing soft about him. Larsen had never met a man with such a meticulous capacity for checking details. His thoroughness permeated the whole port and it suited Larsen. It gave pilots confidence and that was half the battle on jobs like this.

"Sweet as a nut," he replied to the other's question.

"You might drop in and see the flotilla leader as soon as you 've had a wash and brush up."

Happy Larsen grinned, gave a casual salute with his fingers to acknowledge the order, and left the control room. If you dropped in after flying twice round the world on a seagull's back, the Company Manager would still greet you as though you 'd just come in from a nickel 'bus ride.

He crossed the packed snow to the pilots' quarters. In the slow-falling northern darkness the stars were already hanging low and brilliant in the sky. It was good flying weather, and promised well. In the vestibule of the long low building he kicked the loose snow off his boots and opened the door into the pilots' common room.

"Well!" said a voice. "If it isn't Happy Larsen."

"Bill!" grinned Happy, taking the hand of a stocky man who had jumped up from his chair.

"You on this racket now? Thought you were down in the Chaco?"

The other grinned back at him. "Sure, I was, but I never missed a gold strike yet."

By this time a dozen other voices had thrown a greeting at Happy and he was busy sorting out old and new faces from the full room. There was a good sprinkling of new ones.

There was nothing unusual in the scene to Happy, but a stranger to the room and to flying would have found it an odd scene.

It was a warm, comfortable room with deep arm-chairs softly upholstered

To those on the ground there was something strangely impressive in this armada of the skies, winging its way from the New World to the Old World

in plum-coloured repp and obviously a pilots' room with walls hung with caricatures of famous pilots and mementoes of flying. But the spit-and-polish club-like appearance of the place, from the polished hardwood floor to all the appointments, was curiously at variance with the occupants.

There were a few young faces and neat uniforms of Canadian and British Air Force pilots, but for the rest there was the oddest mixture of clothes, from the lumberjack outfits of bush-pilots to the nonchalant tweed and flannel of Englishmen. Happy Larsen was, apart from the officers, one of the youngest of them and, in any man's language, they looked a tough bunch of men, the pack-horses of the flying game, men who had blazed trails, freight-carriers from northern mining camps, jungle flyers, adventurers from exploring expeditions. There were men among them who had faced and overcome every hazard that flying could offer, mail carriers, ex-test pilots, men who had followed the flying game wherever new developments had offered extra rewards.

They had one incurable failing, they talked shop whenever they opened their mouths, and they had one common virtue, they gave an impression of calculating competence, men who took no unnecessary chances. Their stories spread from one end of the earth to the other and were rich with the colour of far places and strange experiences.

A thin veil of smoke hung in the room and a white-coated steward steered his way skilfully around talking groups and sprawling legs, balancing a glass-laden tray.

"Howde, Hank?" said Happy to an old friend. "The boss put a new one over me just now . . . flotilla leader."

Hank grinned. "We're in the big-time, Happy. When a flight becomes a fleet you get a flotilla leader. They've got ideas round here."

"Seems like it with all these new guys."

"You must know 'em all. That's Johnny Gates over there, the fellow who picked those crash victims off a two by four plateau ten thousand feet up in the Andes. . . . You've heard of 'em all some time or other. Come over, and meet them. Couple of new Englishmen, too, but don't kid yourself because they look like suckers."

"Not now, Hank, later. I've got to see the Skipper."

"Say!" said Hank. "They're not shoving you out with us?"

"When do you figure you're pulling out?"

"To-morrow morning if the reports are good."

"Suits me. The quicker the turn-over the more the dough."

"Suits me, too," said Hank. "Got to make it while you can in this game." Hank laughed. "Still after the old gas station, Happy?"

"Why not?" After this war is over the air will be still with acres, and you and me will be. . . ."

"Nuts!" interrupted Hank. "What do you think they are buying on this ferry job? Experience! And that's worth money in any market."

"Have it your own way, Hank," grinned Happy. "As for me, I know a gas station just outside Hollywood. Another few months of this and there'll be a name on the dotted line. But what's new? Why me if they've got all these birds?"

"That's not the half of it, most of 'em are in bed getting a good night, just in case."

Happy looked at Hank doubtfully. "Quit kidding. How many planes are going over to-morrow?"

Even in that ingrown community Hank was cautious and he whispered a figure. Happy whistled softly.

"That's not a fleet, it's an armada. Wait for me, Hank, till I've seen the Skipper."

Happy crossed the common room, through the dining room.

A steward caught him halfway across the dining room.

"How soon will you be ready, Mr. Larsen? Everything's nice and hot."

"Keep it hot, Jenkins, I'll be in after I've seen Captain Mason. How's the wife?"

"Fine, thank you, sir."

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

CAPTAIN MASON looked up from a desk spread with a large chart as a knock rapped the door.

"Come in," he said, and Happy, having conceded something to English formality, pushed the door open and entered.

"Hullo, Happy," said Captain Mason, a quiet, keen-faced Englishman.

"Hullo, Skipper. You wanted to see me?"

"Yes. Sorry we had to send for you in a hurry, but the M.O. put Banning to bed with a temperature last night. Feeling fit?"

"Sweet as a nut."

"Good. You might let the M.O. go over you after you've had a rest. Bit rough to push you off so soon after arriving from Montreal."

"All the same to me, Skipper. The more the merrier if all this crush in the common room doesn't send the price down."

"Always thinking of money, Happy!" Captain Mason smiled. It was a line with Happy to pretend not to care about anything.

"Well," said Happy. "You know how it is. . . . You wanted me?"

"Yes," said the Captain, becoming immediately precise.

"We are doing a big job to-morrow if the reports keep coming in the way they are doing so far. Banning was coming with me, but he's out this trip. . . ."

"You mean I'm to be your co-pilot. . . ."

"First officer," said the Captain gently. The Americans talked of pilots, co-pilots and radio operators and the English of Captains, First Officers and Wireless Officers. It was subject of gentle leg-pulling in the common room.

"It's a bit of responsibility," said the Captain. "We are leading the flotilla of . . . ." he mentioned the name of a famous aircraft and Happy smiled.

"I was brought up in those things."

"I know," said the other. "That is why I asked them to send you in Banning's place. All our crews are made up. We are taking over everything we can on this flight—in fact, we are doing something as far as numbers go that has never been done before. You can appreciate it is quite a responsibility."

"I get it," said Happy, "I appreciate the compliment."

"Not at all," said the Captain. "But I want someone fairly reliable with me."

Knowing English understatement, Happy almost blushed with pleasure. The Captain continued speaking.

Happy yelled a sudden warning. In the one brief moment as they came low over the ship he saw a tarpaulin flung off and the sudden spurt of fire from a multiple machine gun

"Captain James, Hanson, Brereton and the Airways men will be leading individual flights, but the whole flotilla will proceed in formation under our leadership unless anything unforeseen happens, and I don't think it will. We shall be flying on a secret pre-computed course, no beam, no wireless communication either way except in unusual emergency. All our men are reliable, they have enough flying hours between them to fill a century, and they are all safe men. But as you know, we have only one job, and that is, to get the planes through safely."

Happy stood quietly. Those last few words said everything.

Around the common room were the caricatures of men who had blazed the trails of flying in the past few decades. The man who was speaking to him had blazed the trail they were now using.

The men who had blazed the trails were famous because they had carried out unique and exceptional pioneering flights. The men who followed them had no claims to fame, they had the job of hammering the unique and exceptional into the commonplace and ordinary. They were merely failures if they did not do on schedule what the others had done on nerve.

Tradition grew into such jobs almost overnight; the mail must go through, the show must go on, and now here, almost between flights, the apt phrase had been coined. The planes must get through safely.

The Captain looked up at Happy and smiled. "I'll be glad to have you with me, Happy. Get to bed early and have a good night."

In the dining room Happy sat with Hank who was taking a belated cup of coffee to keep him company.

Hank leaned across to Happy. "Confidentially, Happy, this job is gravy."

Happy lifted his eyes from his steak. "How come?"

"Remember that time we were on that job in Mexico, testing those mail routes? That was a real job, that was. Had to figure out your own flight plan, double check all weather reports, check your own plane if you had any respect for your neck, and then, on top of all that, face the stickiest job of mountain flying we ever struck. That was real work. Compared to that, this job is like sleeping on a feather bed. Brand new planes and the boss X-rays every darned rivet before he lets one off the ground. That man can sense an engine fault a week before it's due. As for weather reports, they ground us if they smell a 'front' a day off our course. . . . They make so sure before they let us go. . . ."

He trailed off and Happy nodded. "And don't forget the pay. Funny people, the English. They don't do things by halves."

"Makes you think the Heinies don't know what they are up against."

The steward hovered around to fill Hank's cup.

"No more for me. I've got to sleep to-night."

"How is your steak, Mr. Larsen?"

"Fine, Jenkins," said Happy. "By the way, Jenkins, did you get that cable off for me?"

"I did, sir."

"Huh, huh!" grunted Hank. "It's a girl, I'll bet."

Happy was unperturbed. "You'd be green with envy, Hank, if you saw her."

"Do you smell what I smell?" said Happy with a sudden seriousness

"I suppose you want her to manage that gas station when and if you get it."

"And manage me, and boy, could she do it! But she's driving an American ambulance over there, and I want to part her from it before she gets herself blown up."

"I get the idea, tea for two, by cable."

"Well, the way I figure it out, we'll do it easily."

"You're going soft, Happy."

"I wish she would. She's got the darnedest stubborn jaw you ever saw and I'm scared stiff to leave her over there. She's got a yen for an English accent."

Hank laughed. If he remembered rightly Happy Larsen had quit flying twice before to settle down in business, and that girl would need all the stubbornness in her jaw to keep him grounded.

He rose from his chair leaving his coffee undrunk.

"Well, good-night, Happy. I'm for a long night. See you in the cold, grey dawn."

THE morning was still dark when there was a last clinking of cups in the dining room, a shuffling back of chairs. The pilots began to drift into the common room. Captain Mason was already there with a great chart on the wall so that each man in the crowded room could see it.

Outside a slight fog was drifting in from the sea and the lights on the field glowed mistily. There were dark figures of the maintenance staff passing to and fro among the dark shapes of great planes. The air was full of the great roar of engines warming up, and through the noise walked Captain Murgatroyd, the chief maintenance officer, a man with an uncanny ear for an engine.

There was no fuss, no hurry among the men on the field, as though everything had been groomed for this one moment, and nothing remained to do except warm up their engines.

A world system of air travel had been combed to gather this maintenance staff and ground crews together and they were, without exception, the best and most experienced men that could be culled. The planes must get there safely, and no factor of aviation experience had been overlooked or spared to make that a matter of routine certainty.

This general air of quiet and experienced efficiency had communicated itself to the feeling of confidence and comradeship in the men in the pilots' common room.

"Well, gentlemen," said Captain Mason. "We've waited a few days for ideal conditions at this time of the year and I think we've been justified. Conditions are stable . . . we shall pass through a region 45 degrees west in which we have to expect a minor cold front and conditions will be bumpy. From 32 degrees to 29 degrees west there will be an unbroken layer of cloud at about 9,000 feet. The flight plan will therefore be. . . ."

He then went into details. They would be taking the Great Circle course and he detailed the various legs of the course in terms familiar to navigators. There were details of altitudes, winds and flying speeds and instructions as to landing when they reached their destination and, about an hour later, the men pulled on each his own version of the ideal flying kit and they filed out into the field.

Happy waited for Captain Mason and they passed out into the open air. There was already a vague presage of dawn in the air and the chill mist blowing in from the sea was already thinning. A new smell was mingled with the chill freshness of the morning, the exhaust of more aircraft than Happy had ever seen on one field before.

As they passed the great machines the Harbourmaster of the airport joined them and exchanged a few last words with Captain Mason.

"Here we are," said the Captain as he stopped before one of the aircraft already out on the runway.

"Just like home," said Happy, as he regarded the familiar lines of the plane.

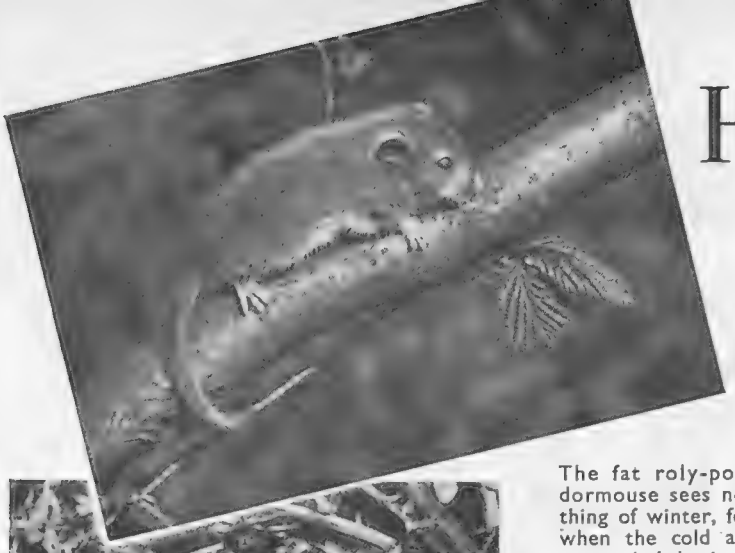
The dawn became alive with the increasing roar of engines as flight after flight roared down the runways and disappeared into the murky grey sky.

To those in the aircraft there was too much to think about and too much to do to consider the implications of the flight, but to those on the ground there was something strangely impressive in this armada of the skies, flight after flight, winging its way from the New World to the Old World like a stirring message of faith and hope.

No mass flight of such proportions had ever taken place before on such a journey. The Atlantic was indeed becoming a ditch. The flight seemed to lift transatlantic flying to a new phase that had immense implications in the future of (*Continued on p. 54*)

How *They* Spend *the* Winter

By B. Melville Nicholas



The fat roly-poly dormouse sees nothing of winter, for when the cold autumn winds begin to blow it goes to sleep

(*Left*) Jenny Wren, with her mate, the robin, stops at home throughout winter

(*Below*) The fox is an all-weather roamer and where the muddy paths lie damp beneath the trees will be found his neat dog-like footprints

The blue tit, in common with other members of its tribe, loves a coconut, peanuts or a piece of fat, when the countryside larders are bare

(*Below*) Winter and summer are both alike to the otter which goes about its normal duties irrespective of the season and temperature

NATURE lovers who confine their observations of wild life to the months of spring and summer, miss some of the greatest joys and mysteries which Dame Nature has to offer.

Take for example, that little roly-poly creature, the dormouse, distinguishable from our other field mice by its more stout build and by its tail which is clothed with hairs instead of scales for its entire length. Most folks know that during the spring and summer the dormouse is, in spite of its rather clumsy build, one of the most active and engaging little creatures of our countryside. Yet, few people really know what happens to the dormouse when winter comes.

Actually, the dormouse sees nothing at all of winter, for when the days shorten, it realises that summer has gone once again, and, long before winter really sets in, the dormouse is fast asleep.

Fortunately for most wild creatures, autumn is the season of plenty, when nuts and berries may be gathered freely, and when some animals, particularly the squirrels, lay up stores of food for winter use. In districts where squirrels are numerous, one often finds their little stores of nuts and berries—sometimes underground, but more often in holes in trees, so that in the days of winter shortage, they can resort to their nearby larders and, after a brief meal, return again to their nests in the waving tree-tops.

But the dormouse does not avail itself of the autumn harvest in the same way as the squirrel does. Instead the dormouse eats and eats and eats until it becomes uncomfortably fat, and too clumsy and heavy to move about. This, however stupid and gluttonous it may seem, is a wise provision of Mother Nature, for by so doing the dormouse provides itself with a constitution which keeps it alive through its long period of winter inactivity.

Most dormice will now, in the month of November, be soundly asleep in their cosy little hammocks of grasses and moss, where, with their tails wrapped round their bodies and their heads tucked in beneath their stomachs, they sleep the winter through.

The nest itself, while showing no signs of architectural merit, is a serviceable little dormitory, strongly built and placed in the tangled growth of the hedgerow or in a low gorse bush. The materials used to construct it are closely woven together, and when the time comes for the little builder to retire, it pushes its way into the structure, turns round and round to make a suitable chamber in which to go to sleep, and finally uses its paws to close up the entrance hole. Then it gradually sinks deeper and deeper into a sound torpor, not to awaken again until the warmer days of spring return.

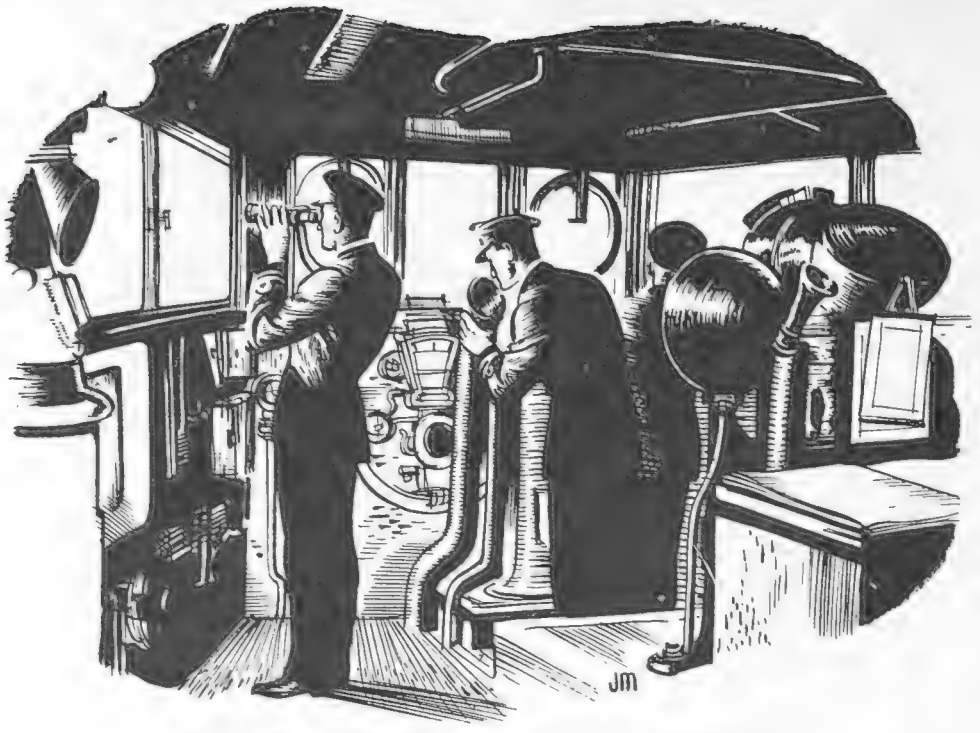
The dormouse is the most perfect example of hibernation which we have in the British Isles, although those mysterious creatures, the bats, sleep soundly throughout the winter. They do not, however, build themselves any sort of accommodation in which to hibernate, and indeed, seem rather to choose, most cheerless and uncomfortable positions in which to sleep the cold, dark days away.

Old buildings, belfries, barns and caves are the places where bats usually congregate for their winter sleep, and I have often seen companies of hundreds of them huddled together, all hanging head downwards, quite unconscious of what's going on around them. Like the dormouse, bats sink into profound torpor and I have often handled them without their awakening.

Certain species of bats, however, are more solitary in their habits than others, and hibernate in pairs, whilst others prefer to be alone, choosing a hollow tree trunk in which to sleep away the winter. All bats, however, have one characteristic in common—when hibernating they all hang head downwards suspended by their legs from some support above.

The hedgehog also hibernates, (*Continued on page* 60)

Into



"The officer of the watch spoke quietly down a voice-pipe"

THE yeoman of signals scribbled for dear life on a signal pad and raced up the short ladder to the compass platform. "Commander-in-chief to ships in company," he read out, "prepare for immediate action."

The captain nodded and said something in an undertone to the officer of the watch who in his turn spoke quietly down a voice-pipe. The result of these nods and whispers then became apparent. Bugles, alarm gongs and pipes sounded everywhere, ordering the crew to action stations. There was a mighty scuffling of feet on ladders, and the superstructure of the battleship suddenly seemed to be crowded with men who had sprung into their action stations as if through trapdoors. In a few minutes fourteen hundred men were at their posts waiting like a gigantic orchestra for the conductor to lead them off in the symphony which they had practised so often. It had been difficult not to get stale and contemptuous of the familiar strains which had long lost their novelty but now at last they were to give a public performance, their first. It might well depend on their execution whether another performance would be asked from them some other time—the audience was a ruthless one and gave no second chances to inefficients.

The battle squadron steamed steadily onwards.

The sound of the bugles came as no surprise, for from the commander down to the youngest boy aboard, the call had been expected by every one, and yet, now that it had come, it was surprising just the same.

The commander was sitting at his desk in his cabin at this moment. He had been writing his usual letter home and had just said that ". . . life goes on pretty well just the same. We are always chasing after the enemy but he is a slippery devil and doesn't want to meet us." The words looked out of date already. He rose quickly, grabbed the accoutrements necessary for his action station and walked forward.

There was much in what he observed to give him satisfaction, for, in the brief minute that had elapsed since the calling of hands to action station, much had already been accomplished. Small parties of men clothed in anti-flash gear were unreeling hoses and erecting blast screens, others armed with an assortment of tools were placing them handy. Everywhere there was a quick and purposeful movement.

The commander's duties at action station were not spectacular. As second in command he must necessarily remain in reserve and in a position remote from the captain's in case an unlucky shot were to deprive the ship of her leader; his station was, therefore, in the lower conning tower, one of the numerous positions from which the ship could be steered if the upper conning tower were knocked out and from this place he directed the activities

"The effect of the reduced lighting was to cast shadows and give the impression of great vaulted caverns"

of the fire and repair parties. Prompt action on his part might save the ship but, in common with many of the crew, he was deprived of all sight of the enemy.

Having ascertained that everything was ready in his department, he beckoned to his "Doggy," a midshipman who acted as A.D.C. or, as a humorist has expressed it, "a medium of abuse between two officers of unequal seniority," and together they set out on a tour of inspection between decks, accompanied by the chief boatswain's mate and a young ordinary seaman.

Walking about a ship that is closed up for action is not simple. Every watertight door is shut and strongly clipped and every hatch closed, but the commander is an important man and doors were made for opening, and so by slow degrees they arrived at the sick bay. The surgeon-commander in charge looked

Sketches by Jack Matthew

"A huge pair of binoculars adjusted in their mountings to the level of his eyes"

Action

On Board Ship during Battle

By
Gilbert Hackforth-Jones

"The high-angle guns, with their steel-helmeted crews, waiting for the same thing as they all were . . ."

up as the visitors arrived. He was grave and purposeful, and there was something a trifle disconcerting in the elaborate preparations for receiving the wounded that he was so busily superintending. The midshipman, whose eighteenth birthday was still far distant, felt his heart beating quickly. This is rather beastly he thought—I hope I won't make an ass of myself when the fun starts. Many who were going into action for the first time harboured such thoughts, and some there were who showed it by yawns and restless movements similar to those of a boxer entering the ring for his first fight, or a sprinter waiting for his heat to be raced.

They left the doctor and his satellites happily playing with their bandages, and climbing to the upper deck entered the fore superstructure where the ship's galley was situated. There were great scenes of activity here, for the dinner hour was approaching and the men must be fed even at action stations. A dozen cooks were cutting sandwiches for fourteen hundred hungry men; great mounds of sliced bread were waiting to be filled with generous portions of bully beef and mustard pickles. The chief cook bustled across and saluted the commander: "It'll be ready by noon, sir, if we get a move on," he said and went back to his work.

The party moved on and for a brief moment the midshipman had a glimpse of the outside world through an open access door on to the upper deck. He saw a grey, smooth sea and a great white furrow of foam which ran ceaselessly from the stern out to a position abreast the battleship where it changed into a series of waves. A mile or so beyond he could see one of the destroyer screen, her stern tucked well down, an indication of high speed, and her upper deck alive with the men who manned her guns. Beyond the destroyer was the horizon—a dark line separating heaven from earth, and beyond that — who could tell. He shivered and followed the commander below—this waiting about was the devil. It was, therefore, with positive delight that he heard himself being instructed to deliver an important message to the engineer commander and sped away blithely on his errand.

"Had lectured and drilled, coached and explained, praised and cursed the gun's crew"

The engine-room was a long way below the upper deck, so that there were lifts provided for the use of officers on duty. Our midshipman made his way laboriously through the watertight doors, each of which had to be opened to let him pass, until he reached the engine-room lobby where, entering a lift, he dropped rapidly to the lower regions.

There was nothing here to suggest the old-fashioned idea of an engine-room full of steam and great heaving masses of machinery. The place was bright with the light of many lamps, and glittered with polished metal and shining paint. On the control platform, with its enormous throttle wheels and its galaxy of pressure gauges, was a party consisting of three ratings and the senior engineer (second in charge of the department). He gave a friendly grin at the midshipman whose eyes were roaming round the vast space, taking in every detail. The turbine casings neatly panelled with varnished woodwork, the colossal pipes linking them up, the steel cat-walks with their burnished handrails were all that could be seen of the tremendous power being produced in this compartment, but his other senses filled the gap. The hum of the turbine gears and the hiss of wire-drawn steam was incessant and overwhelming; the blast of hot air which greeted him on his arrival was saturating him now—and he realised that it was very hot down (*Continued on page* 57)

"On a short winter's day a great oil-skinned procession of men had marched down from the barracks to commission the ship"

Front-Line

A Record of the London Auxiliary Ambulance Service

By Ferdinand Tuohy

A member of the L.A.A.S. at the wheel of her ambulance, ready to proceed to an incident

LAST May the Queen's daily wartime routine conducted on one occasion to County Hall, Westminster, where were drawn up men and women from London's Auxiliary Ambulance Service (L.A.A.S.). The women, in particular, had sought to look smart, but it had been hard going in their blue cotton gaberdines and peaked ski-ing caps, sum total of their uniforms.

"Aren't you cold in that coat?" asked Her Majesty of one of the first girls in line.

The answer was a respectful ripple in the immediate vicinity. That thin, ill-fitting garment had long been a byword. Even Herbert Morrison said he didn't like the look of it after it had been washed. However, that chilly May day the Queen smiled her assent as she learnt that something warmer and more attractive was on the way in the form of tunic, slacks, and thicker coat. Footwear, too, would be provided in future.

Well, here we are embarking on the third winter of the war and the women and girls of L.A.A.S. are still in their thin and sloppy "uniforms." They *may* get the long-promised refit by the time the blitz we all expect, has recommenced. If so, in the words of one of their number: "We shall no longer feel like Cinderella, looking enviously at the navy serge uniforms of the A.F.S. women, and at the smart grey-blue of the Waafs, at the trim khaki uniforms of the Mechanised Transport Corps, and at the warmly clad Wrens. All of them have been far better fitted out than we have—and now Mrs. Knox is putting the Hartnell touch on the A.T.S.!"

It does seem strange in view of the propaganda we make with "London can take it," that the women who take it on the surface in the centre of each blitz, driving and rescuing while so many others seek sanctuary, should be the last at the party—and in more ways than dress. She who likened herself to Cinderella was the same girl who wrote after the big May attack on London: "First I was ordered to a big hostel for overseas soldiers. It had got a direct hit and the dead and injured were the most I'd come across. Two at a time—they were such bad cases, poor fellows—I took them to the nearest first aid post. Of course incendiaries and high explosives were falling all around, sometimes blocking the road with debris. Most of the casualties hated the idea of a woman driving them 'in the front line,' as they put it, and they aired their resentment by cursing Jerry. How grateful they were, though, for what little one could do for them!"

The Queen has a chat with a L.A.A.S. driver in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, on the occasion of the presentation by the King and Queen of four ambulances, to Mr. E. Davies, chairman of the L.C.C.

But to come back to this dress business. Some may think it of small acount in a war like this. There they would be wrong. Even with men soldiers, dress has long been recognised as holding a psychological value. Take the Brigade of Guards—best turned out in peace time and playing second to whom when it comes to the battlefield? In the case of women, the uniform must obviously play an even more important part. If the L.A.A.S. is currently much under strength, one of the reasons is the rotten uniform provided. If this dangerous branch of civil defence is still staffed by the all-too-few, and repeated drives fail to bring in anything like the desired recruits, that's in part because women don't see why they should have to provide all their working "musto"—slacks, tunics, shoes, jumpers, gloves, stockings, and a warm winter coat—while they're granted only the paltriest public wear and the plainest.

Cinderella

"During the winter of 1940-41," I quote a new Cinderella of the Front Line, "we were lucky enough to receive gifts of warm pullovers, jumpers and scarves from the American Red Cross. We also benefited by Mrs. Waterson, wife of the High-Commissioner, collecting £100 from friends in South Africa. This enabled the Regional Officer, 'Evans of the Broke,' to allot a fiver to some of the stations, where it was put into wireless sets, or the canteen, or went to augment a sick and needy fund for distressed personnel. This fund was started by a concert at the Globe Theatre when £500 was raised. It's now over £1,000 and grows by our own weekly subscriptions. and on the proceeds of dances, concerts and swimming galas."

Benevolent funds are all right, but charity has an unappetising flavour when bracketed with women who are constantly told how wonderful they are, by public officials. As the L.A.A.S. was founded just after "Munich" three years ago, those responsible for its adequate treatment, the Ministries of Home Security and of Health, and the L.C.C., have had ample time in which to organise Treasury disgorging—though quite as likely it's their own budgets that need re-arranging. The L.A.A.S. has suffered more than the average from our bad-joke bureaucracy, having fallen not between two, but three stools. The effect is one huge headache, administratively. To whom to apply? Mr. Morrison? Mr. Ernest Brown? Mr. Latham of the L.C.C.?

Lots of people blithely suppose we have seen the worst of the blitz. Well, in the event that we haven't, it is small comfort to know that the staff of the L.A.A.S. is under a third of what was once intended. The original figure aimed at was 17,000 men and women. Admittedly, that was when enormous casualties were expected. Casualties have been five or six times under pre-war anticipation. Yet who is to say they'll remain as low (!) as they have been? And, should they rise steeply, how will Londoners feel about having their main ambulance service reduced to some 5,700 full and part-timers, and this includes the self-contained unit known as the River Emergency Service.

The strength might well be even lower still but for a doubtful stratagem by which personnel that had joined on the basis of one week's notice, was this spring suddenly informed it had to stay on for the duration. And they've got to stay too.

"That's okay," I hear. "Why not? All doing our bit!" Half a moment . . .

Take a girl who early on picked out this service precisely because it did allow her to return to civil life if and when she chose. (I'm writing exclusively of women though as many men are in the L.A.A.S.) That was for her the attraction over other uniformed services, and almost the only attraction. Maybe she made her plans, financial and family, in conformity with the contract she signed. After many months of weary and demoralising do-nothing boredom, comes September, 1940, and for the succeeding six months (*Continued on page* 51)

Getting ready for action. Folding blankets on the stretchers so that casualties can be covered without any delay. Gas clothing and first aid kit are included in the equipment of the ambulance

After driving through the dark perilous streets and reaching the debris of a bombed home, first aid treatment is given and the injured person is then swiftly transported to the nearest casualty receiving station

(*Left*) A view of one of the large London subterranean garages where the L.A.A.S. wait day and night for calls to action. The shift on duty have to be ready to dash out to rescue any victims from bombed buildings

The Bright Lights

A Sailor, on his first visit to New York, meets with a Strange Adventure

By Dale Collins

Illustrated by Jack Faulks

BLACK—as you said at sea—as the inside of a black dog, up there on the flying bridge. Clouds shut out the stars; no single gleam of light. So deep the dark that staring into it made the eyes ache, and rubbed grit under the lids.

Mr. James Trevor did not mind that. Yes, Mister James Trevor—for he was no longer just Jimmie Trevor, only son of Mr. and Mrs. William Trevor, a mere, ordinary boy racking his brains at Navigation School, but Mr. James Trevor, square on his own two feet, a fully-fledged apprentice aboard the S.S. *Tyneside*, 8,029 registered tons, who shared the watch against King's enemies and pirates with the hateful first officer. In such circumstances, and at sixteen, what man would mourn lost youth?

With the vital aid of Mr. Trevor the *Tyneside* had crossed the wide Western Ocean—of course, you didn't call it the Atlantic. Mr. Trevor gave his peaked cap a tilt. When first he came aboard it had been neat and firm, just as the outfitters had sold it. A secret study of the senior apprentice's headgear had shown that the thing to do was to rip out the sissified scarlet lining. That had been attended to twelve days ago. Now it looked fine and rakish, as if it had been worn for years.

He took a deep breath, and could smell the land, just as Columbus did when the crew were near mutiny.

The mate took shape beside him.

"Asleep, Jimmie?" he mocked, in his sarcastic way.

"Why, no, sir!" Jimmie bristled.

"Can't a poor old fellow have his little joke, Jimmie?" asked the hateful mate. No matter what—you had to hate the mate. Everyone always did. "You'll be seeing the Statue of Liberty to-morrow. That'll be worth all this, eh, laddie?"

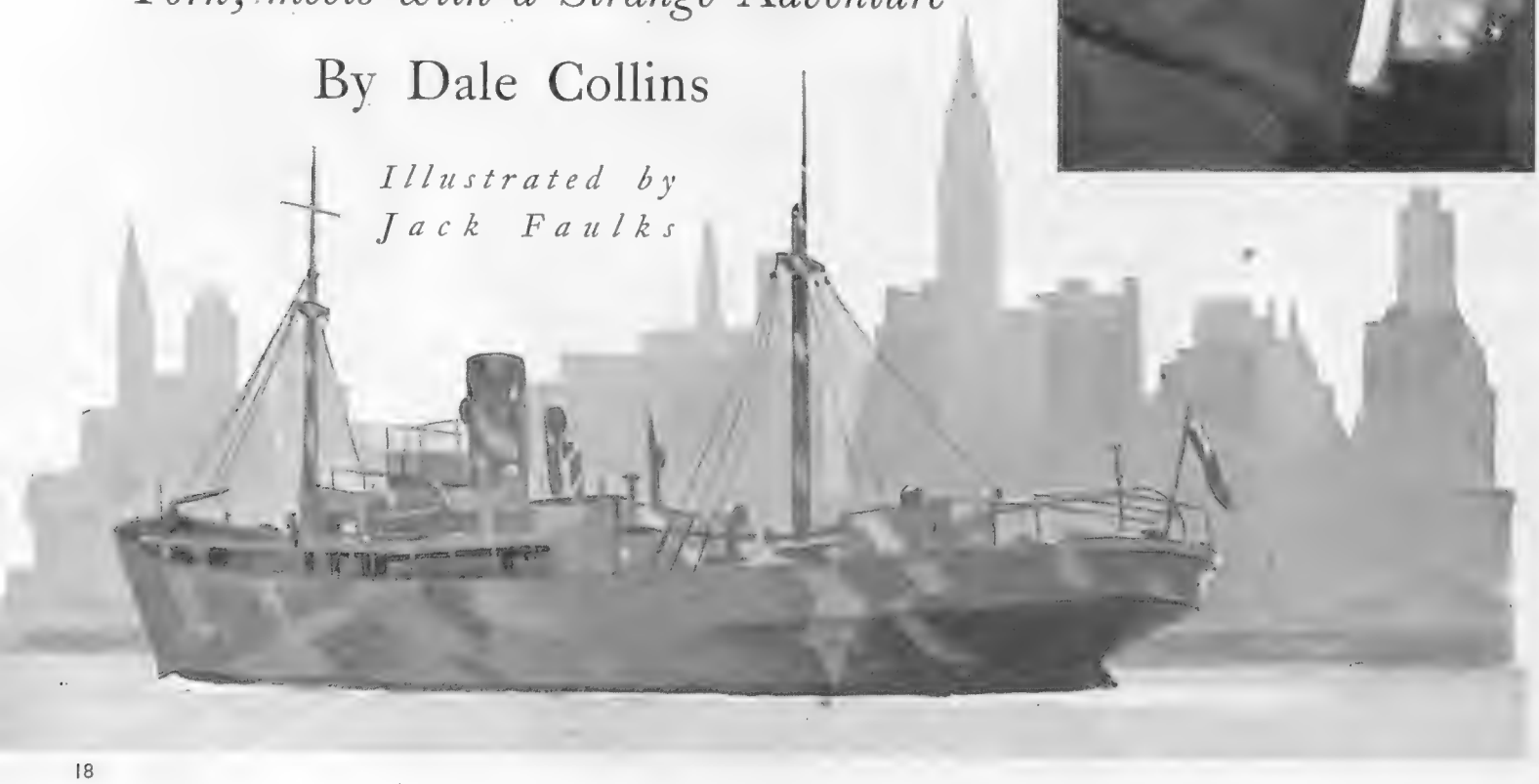
So patronising, talking as if you were a kid, and couldn't take it.

"Oh, it's been nothing but a pleasure, sir," said Mr. Trevor, airily dismissing his remarkable feat in getting her across. "Be grand, though, to have an eyeful of the bright lights."

"And are they bright! Look out you don't get your eyebrows singed, Jimmie."

On that parting jeer the mate dissolved again.

IN the morning the Ambrose Lightship was abeam, bobbing on the water like a black gull. They passed, eventually, through the formalities of The Narrows, and then there was The Skyline, just as if it had come straight out of a movie. It made you gulp to realise, however, that



it wasn't on the screen. And there stood familiar old Liberty, bigger, and the same time smaller somehow, than Mr. Trevor had imagined. The mate's hateful whistle shrilled, keeping you on the run. Perhaps that was as well. Otherwise you might just have stood and stared with your mouth open, like a great big baby.

THEY drew into Pier 17, Brooklyn. On the fo'c'slehead Mr. Trevor saw that the forward lines were made fast. True, the mate was there, too, but when the screws ceased to churn up the mud, and the *Tyneside* came to rest in the shadows of the big iron shed, it was Mr. Trevor who wiped his brow and gave a sigh of satisfaction at a task well done.

The mate loomed ominously over him.

"We start discharging right away," he said, with a kind of vicious enjoyment. "Be working all through the night, and every night. A double quick turn-round."

He eyed Mr. Trevor in that way of his. Easy to see what was coming. The mate was going to say there'd be no chance to get ashore—and he was going to get a kick out of saying it.

"First trip, eh, Jimmie? Suppose you'd have liked to have a look at li'l ole New York. Too bad there's a war on." He turned as if to stalk away, and then checked. "T'other boys have been here before. You haven't, eh? How about taking your courage in both hands and catching the subway up town to-night? If you're not back by eleven I'll skin the hide off you, and tan it for a tobacco pouch. Don't take no wooden money, either."

And with that he was gone before Mr. Trevor, thunderstruck to find humanity where none was to be expected, could even find a formal word of thanks. Well, the more you knocked about, the more surprised you were by your fellow men.

OUT of all that mass of people someone separated like a drop splashing out of a stream of water, and paused briefly before Yvette

MR. TREVOR stood in the hooded entrance to the subway. Instead of having to polish his brass buttons, he had dimmed their new brightness by the judicious application of dirty cotton waste. Also, he had shaved. He should have felt quite at ease, but he wasn't. The subway as you called it in New York, wasn't at all like the London Underground. He looked about, rather lost.

"Anything on your mind, admiral?" asked a lean-faced man, from his height.

"Well," said Mr. Trevor, "I wanted the booking office."

The lean-faced man smiled.

"There's no such animal as a 'booking office,'" he said. "If you've got a nickel about you, you put it in that slot there,

and down you go, and you can travel under Manhattan until you grow whiskers."

Mr. Trevor's hand went up to his newly shaven cheek.

"Thank you very much," he said.

"You're welcome," said the lean-faced man. "How's the war going?"

"Swell," said Mr. Trevor, speaking American.

"Good for you, sonny boy."

The mate had doled out, with great reluctance, two dollars, including change. Mr. Trevor suddenly realised that he didn't know what a nickel was. He pulled out a handful of odd money.

"Which is a nickel?"

"That's the baby," said the man. "You put it in, and down you go."

Mr. Trevor thanked him again, and did so. The station wasn't the same as the Underground, but barer and less friendly. There were a lot of pillars, too, made from stark girders. A train came roaring in, rattling much more than at home.

It had something unintelligible on the front, but a stout, glossy lady said it was O.K. for him. Inside the train was barer, too, less comfortable, and with fewer seats, so that Mr. Trevor had to stand. Many of the people were foreigners—not just Americans: real foreigners. They talked a lot, shouting above the rattle of the train, and using their hands, as if they'd come to rely on sign language to help out. Hardly any one wore uniform, and his caused interest.

The advertisements weren't the same as those at home, and yet oddly familiar. The explanation dawned suddenly: it was like sitting inside an American magazine. That was why he knew the strange names of the cigarettes and soft drinks.

Stations whipped by, gaunt and unfinished looking. They were out on a big bridge, but only for a startled moment. Then they bore on, beneath that skyline. You couldn't smoke. That was why so many chewed gum.

A girl pushing past him said to her friend: "Isn't he cute?" They both gave him very scarlet and friendly smiles, flashing very white teeth. He tried to smile back, nonchalantly, man-of-the-world, but it was all so noisy and so strange he found his jaws weren't working. People surged in and out, pushing and in a hurry. He had to keep his wits about him, for the mate had advised him to get out at Times Square, and the mate knew New York like the palm of his hand. Which was more than Mr. Trevor did.

Times Square!

Mr. Trevor pushed out with the rest. He was swept along with the rest. He went up the stairs with the rest, and suddenly was in the open air, and it was a hot summer's night in New York, and this was Times Square.

JIMMIE stood quite still, and wasn't Mr. James Trevor any more. He was stunned and dazzled and bemused. After the darkness of wartime London, after the solid blackness of the Western Ocean, this was like—like being the pin of a spinning catherine-wheel. The whole scene went whirling round him, and he alone was numb and motionless.

All the people in the world were surging about, and all the cars were jammed so closely that they couldn't move. Their lamps were blazing full on. Suddenly whistles sounded, shrill as the mate's, and the undimmed traffic lights changed, and the river of motor cars, honking like mad, as if they hadn't a second to waste, as if the road might open and swallow them, went pouring past.

Gosh, it made you dizzy.

And not only the cars and the people. The skyline of New York went leaping and soaring up right above you, so that you felt at any moment it might come crashing down, collapsing on top of you like a bombed house. And everywhere, recklessly defying that doom, the sky signs blazed and danced, flashing on and off at a speed of knots, cataracting in fiery torrents, contracting and expanding like crazy flowers. And the blazing white lights shone into the back of your head right through your startled eyes.

Away high above, as if you were deep down in a steep and narrow valley, were the stars between the tops of the buildings which swayed so close together as you stared.

"Oh, gosh," said Jimmie aloud, and felt dizzy and a bit sick in his stomach.

He wished dad and mum were with him, just, of course, so that he could show them. Not that he was scared. No, sir! And yet he felt smaller than he had on the very first day he ever went to school. It was as if a hand had pressed down on his head, pushing him in on himself like a spring. (*Continued on page* 70)

THE three of them formed a quiet ring round the table where Jimmie and Yvette sat. "We'll have it, sister," said the smallest and put his hand on Yvette's white bag

Old Tales Re-told

From Slave to Emperor:

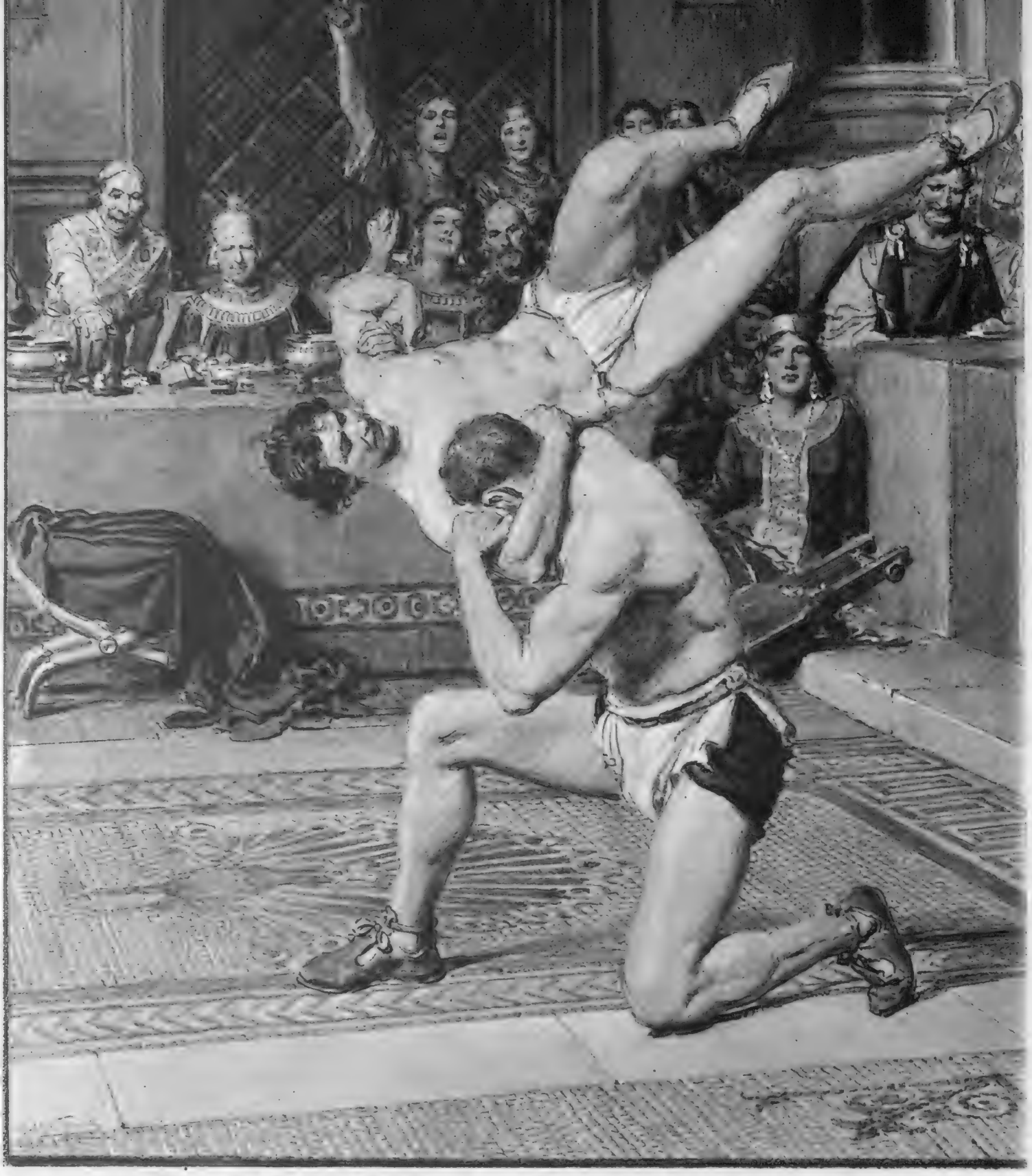
Basil the First, who founded a dynasty that reigned for 200 years

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

INTO a sky of fiery red and gold the sun came up from behind the Bosphorus. Constantinople opened its eyes. . . . . Among first signs of the awakening of a great city to a new day was the opening of innumerable church doors. At this time, the ninth century A.D., beggars used to assemble at the gates of monasteries and churches in the hope of receiving alms from the monks. So it came as no surprise to the one who opened the studded door of the church of San Diomede to find a practically naked boy peacefully sleeping on the steps. What *did* surprise him was the statuesque build and handsome face of the youth, which contrasted sharply with the usual pitiable plight of these pilgrims who dragged their miserable bodies all over the world. The boy looked about twenty. His face, half hidden by his black curls, was of great nobility and in perfect harmony with the rest of his form. His whole appearance was like that of a Greek masterpiece of sculpture. He greeted the holy man, on awakening, with an engaging smile. "God bless you, my son," said the monk. "Where do you come from?" The boy replied, "From distant and perilous parts, Father. From a life of misery and humiliation. I have endured more than you would think possible for a boy who has not yet reached his sixteenth year." The sincerity of this introduction so impressed the monk that he offered him at once the hospitality of the church. Later, whilst enjoying some refreshment, the boy told his story. . . . His name was Basil and he came from a noble family, his mother being a descendant of Constantine the Great. His father, a Thracian landowner, had lost all his property when Thrace was invaded by the Bulgarians, and Basil at a tender age had been carried off into slavery. In Bulgaria he had spent his childhood and adolescence, being educated as a slave along with other captives. When, at long last, the Roman prisoners succeeded in breaking their chains and freeing themselves, Basil took part in the long march through Bulgaria. At every step they had had to dodge their pursuers, but eventually won through to the banks of the Euxine. There they had been faced with an army of barbarians, whom they had defeated despite their numerical inferiority. Before they could embark they were attacked

"God bless you, my son," said the monk. "Where do you come from?"



The bully began by lifting Basil bodily from trample on him. But Basil wriggled free and

by a fresh lot of warriors, who appeared from nowhere to intercept their flight. These also they had overcome, and at last succeeded in embarking for Constantinople. Almost all of them had managed to save some small treasures, the fruits of long years of toil and sacrifice. Almost all had a family or relatives to turn to. All except Basil. He had not even sufficient clothing to cover his body, and his only relatives were orphans to whom he could be of no practical assistance. While listening to the narrative that poured from this overgrown boy, the monk was scrutinising him from head to foot, as though turning over a plan in his mind. When the tale was told, he declared his willingness to help him—perhaps to a brilliant future. It so happened that the monk was on very friendly terms with an important man related to the Emperor. The name of this man was Theophilus, and he was remarkable not only for his wealth and high position, but also for his pygmy-like stature. He was one of the smallest men in Constantinople—and evidently proud of it, for he took pains to emphasise it by surrounding himself with attendants of gigantic height. In his entire household there was not a man or a woman less than six feet tall, and all were of exceptionally handsome appearance.

It was to him that the monk introduced Basil.

When Theophilus learnt that the boy was not yet sixteen, he engaged him at once; put him into luxurious clothes, and within a short time entrusted him with responsible tasks. For Basil this meant a start in life that surpassed anything he could have hoped for.

the floor, flinging him down and attempting to eluded every subsequent attempt to pin him down

Nowhere else could he have shown to such advantage the remarkable qualities of his mind and body.

The years he had spent in captivity had not blunted his ambitions, nor had they left on him that imprint of servility, so often found in those who have been reared in chains. He had the impression almost of having wakened from a nightmare into an atmosphere that was his natural right. And his lucky star was soon to guide him towards an unexpected stroke of fortune. He had been given the privilege of accompanying his master on a mission to the Government of the Peloponnesus. Throughout the journey his personal charm made him the most popular member of the entourage—when suddenly he fell ill. He was left in the charge of a rich widow named Danielis, who cared for him during his convalescence with unremitting attention and growing affection. Indeed, she grew so fond of him that she purchased a large estate in Macedonia in order to provide a source of income for his brothers and sisters. For himself, she gave him thirty slaves, as well as many other costly presents. To all appearances, the nature of her affection for the young Narcissus was purely charitable; but it would not be unreasonable to suppose that the heart entered into it as well. The fact remains that she never failed in her kindness and generosity towards him, nor did he ever lack gratitude for his part.

On returning to Constantinople, he decided to take a wife, and accordingly chose from among his many admirers a girl of his own age by the name of Maria.

Some men lifted the inert figure of the Emperor and carried him into a private chamber

Fortune continued to smile upon him. Some time afterwards an event took place which brought him into direct contact with the Emperor Michael III, a young man who was not second in profligacy to any of the great libertines which the world has ever produced.

Theophilus commanded his favourite to accompany him to a banquet offered by the Emperor. It was Basil's first introduction to court. He was dazzled by the magnificence he beheld. Representatives of all countries were present, among them the Ambassador of Bulgaria and his officials.

Now, these royal feasts ended invariably in orgies of eating and drinking and other excesses, and among the guests who became speedily abandoned to drunkenness was one of the Bulgarian officials. He was a gigantic brute, and the wine had made him quarrelsome. He startled the company by challenging anyone present to meet him in a bout of fisticuffs or wrestling. At first no one accepted the challenge, then gradually a whisper of encouragement to Basil spread around the hall.

Basil had not forgotten his sufferings in Bulgaria, and he was here offered a chance to settle an old score. Applauded by the crowd, he stepped forward. When the Bulgarian bully perceived that his opponent was a mere youngster, he laughed derisively.

Incited by the Emperor himself—who was extremely fond of all forms of gladiatorial contest, the antagonists divested themselves of their fine tunics and faced each other grimly. The bully began by lifting Basil bodily from the floor, flinging him down and attempting to trample on him. But Basil wriggled free. He eluded every subsequent attempt to pin him down, and was content to await his opportunity. When this came, he acted like lightning, pinning the giant down by his shoulders with something of a Ju-jutsu hold. The great hall rang with shouts of acclamation.

When the Bulgarian was allowed to rise to his feet, he vented his chagrin by making a ferocious assault on his conqueror. The foul attack roused a storm of protest. Fortunately, Basil was unhurt; and it was then decided to hold a pugilistic match in the orthodox fashion.

The hands of the antagonists were strapped according to the rules of the Cestus, and the signal to commence was given.

The Bulgarian's powerful arms swung with such violence (*Continued on p.* 64)

Reunion . . .

The love story of an Airman

By W. E. Johns

THE general attitude of the little group of pilots lounging in front of the squadron office appeared to be one of slightly bored nonchalance; but this would not have deceived a veteran. Insignificant though they were he would have marked the signs of nerves frayed to breaking point by over-indulgence in the deadliest of all human employments—war flying. He might even have guessed, from the number of eyes uplifted to a gilded bed of cloud on which the sun was fast expiring, that a member of the last patrol was overdue.

Tug Wargrave, flight lieutenant's rings on his sleeves, was talking; not of war or women, as might be supposed, but of a Saluki bitch, at Mosul, that had got astray with an old dog jackal, then killed him and brought him into the mess. As he spoke, he—unconsciously it seemed—ripped a matchbox into strips with slow but vicious deliberation. Jerry Francis, still in his teens, punctuated the narrative with an irritating falsetto laugh. He had killed a man an hour before. In the six months since he had left Eton he had killed eighteen—or was it twenty? Was it only six months? He wasn't sure; time had become curiously telescoped lately. Buck Bannock, a Canadian, collar flung open at the throat, squatting uncomfortably on an empty petrol can, chewed a splinter of three-ply with thoughtful energy. Jock McBain, his flying kit covered with oil stains, his regimental glengarry on the back of his head, with studious care was plucking the fur off the back of a gauntlet. André Boul, once adjutant of a French escadrille, smoked cigarettes in short, nervous jerks, lighting one from the other before the last was half consumed. Johnson, a sergeant pilot, with the D.F.M. ribbon under his wings, who before the war had been a machinist in a Lambeth garage, sat silent, leaving the talking to the officers.

The C.O., Squadron Leader the Hon. Bertie Parkinson ("Parky" to flight-tenants and above), wearing the Frontier and Iraq medal ribbons behind his D.F.C. and bar, stood a little apart, hands thrust deep in his pockets, considering the scene without emotion. In a moment of irritable disaffection he had switched from a lancer regiment rather than exchange his charger for a tank. The idea of walking being repugnant he had relinquished his saddle for a seat in a cockpit.

From where they were working on a war-scarred Spitfire, a party of mechanics watched the officers furtively; at intervals they, too, lifted up their eyes to scan the darkening sky.

There was a general stiffening as the melodious monotone of an aero engine came droning along on the breeze. All pretence was abandoned. All eyes turned skywards.

"Sounds like him," murmured Flight

THE doctor told the Abbess that it might be fatal to move him so could he under the circumstances leave the boy where he was for a time?

SISTER MARGUERITE was kneeling beside the wounded man's bed in an attitude of prayer

Lieutenant Wargrave with stifled emotion.

"No—it's a Hurricane," observed the C.O. quietly.

Presently the Hurricane landed, and taxied up to the tarmac. The pilot got out, stretched, stamped his feet, lit a cigarette and walked towards the assembled officers.

Squadron Leader Parkinson raised a hand in friendly greeting as he recognised the newcomer for the C.O. of a neighbouring squadron.

"What cheer, Lukey! Anything wrong?" he greeted.

"Out of juice," returned the other briefly. "Can you fill me up?"

The station officer gave the necessary orders.

Squadron Leader Luke glanced around. "What's going on—somebody missing?"

"Harcourt's late—that's all."

"Tony Harcourt?"

"Yes."

"Ah-huh. How do you—er—find him?"

Parkinson smiled lugubriously. "A bit wild—for a senior flight commander."

The other nodded. "You're generous. The general opinion is, he's nuts."

"Maybe you're right," agreed Parkinson. He thought for a moment, eyes on the ground. "I can't think what's come over him. I saw quite a bit of him in France, when he was in your crowd, and it struck me that he had the makings of a steady pilot."

"He had."

"What happened—crash?"

"Yes—in more senses than one." The Hurricane pilot carefully removed a lump of mud from the near wheel of his machine before sitting on it. "Pity."

"You'd better tell me about it. I'm worried about him; if I knew the facts it might give me a line to work on."

"All right. He didn't bind me to secrecy, so I'll give you the story as he told it to me. It's a longish tale. The thing happened last March, when we were at Azelot, near Nancy, just before I took over the squadron."

Luke lit another cigarette and drew at it for a moment or two before he continued.

"It was a morning show. I was leading. Tony was in my flight. Before we took off I had a word with him. I told him that if we ran into any Huns the idea was to fight 'em down to the tree-tops. I mentioned that because the day before we'd run into that yellow-nosed crowd that used to hang about Saarbrucken, and—well, he didn't see it through. He got shot up early in the show, but his engine was still giving its revs and he should have stayed in the scramble. That was the show we lost Derek Mullen—you remember?"

Parkinson nodded.

"Well, Tony went a bit pink and told me not to worry. We went off. For a while things were fairly quiet, but waffling along the line we met the same crowd of yellow noses and things began to warm up. In the middle of the affair I saw Tony suddenly shoot off at a tangent——"

"Good God! He never struck me as that sort——"

"Wait a minute. He was right. He'd spotted a high-flying

Illustrated by W. Smithson-Broadhead

Junkers heading towards St. Michiel, and realised that the yellow noses had been escorting it. The inference was, the Junkers was on an important job, and he decided to stop it. He got it, too—a flamer. The rest of the story is as he told it to me.

"He got his Hun after a running fight. When he looked down to see where he was he found that a lot of low cloud had drifted up from the west and covered the carpet. At that moment his engine packed up. He wasn't particularly worried, and started gliding down with the intention of finding somewhere to land as soon as he got bottomsides of the murk. But the cloud, as it happened, was ground mist, and before he knew what was happening he had torn his port wing off on a poplar. He was knocked out. When he came round he was in bed, in a sort of chapel, with a broken back—or so he thought.

"Apparently, what had happened was this. The poplar stood in the grounds of a convent. The sisters heard the crash and ran out just in time to drag him clear of the wreck before the whole thing went up in flames. They carried him inside, still unconscious, and fixed him up on a couch in a little room adjoining the chapel—actually the sacristy, I believe—and notified the nearest R.A.F. headquarters.

"The M.O. arrived just as Tony came round. He was in a pretty bad way. The doctor examined him and didn't think too much of his chance—suspected internal injuries and a cracked spine—so he called the Abbess to one side and pointed out that to move the patient at that juncture might be fatal. He would have to keep him under observation for a day or two. Could he, in the circumstances, leave the boy where he was for a time?

"The Abbess, full of compassion, agreed without hesitation. Not only could he stay, but the sisters would nurse him until he could with safety be taken to hospital That was that." The Hurricane pilot selected another cigarette.

"I suppose it isn't for us to criticise anybody," he resumed, moodily. "It's so damned easy to sit in judgment after the event. But I sometimes wonder if the Abbess, with all her experience of the weakness of human nature, was wise to detail Sister Marguerite as O.C. sick room. She had a reason, and no doubt to a French temperament it was a good one. It seems that Sister Marguerite's brother, a French ace with a useful record, had just been killed; her father, too, had been killed earlier, and perhaps the Abbess thought it was only natural—you see what I mean? All the same, she should have known that a veil can't alter what is underneath. Perhaps she thought that nursing a sick *aviateur* might in some small measure help the girl to bear her sorrows. I don't know.

"In ordinary circumstances no better situation for romance could be conceived, and I say that the Abbess should have had the wit to realise it, particularly as the circumstances were far from ordinary. Marguerite was lovely. According to Tony she was more beautiful than the Madonna she worshipped. I never saw her myself, of course, so we'll take his word for it.

"By the end of the week he was better—that is, as far as the injuries sustained in the crash were concerned. But in his heart he was sick, sick to death, for he knew that any day he might be torn from his divinity, and when he went it would be for ever. It didn't seem to occur to him that it could be otherwise. His love for her was not the love of ordinary mortals. It was sheer adoration. Knowing the lad, you'll understand what I mean. I suppose he's what you'd call an idealist. The fact is, he was born about seven hundred years too late. As a knight in shining armour he would have treated Mademoiselle from Armentières with respect. Women sent him all Sir Galahad. It was the safest bet in the world that when he fell for a girl he'd hit the deck so damned hard that something would crack. Well, that's how he fell for Sister Marguerite, and the shock shook his engine off its bearers.

"He told me that he used to lie there, wide awake, all through the long nights, wondering what he ought to do about it. In the morning when the M.O. came he lied, lied with the desperation of despair, pretending that his back was still bad—and blushing with shame at the deception. By the end of a fortnight he looked like a man who'd been on the rack. His face was showing signs of the storm that was tearing him to pieces. He was mentally and physically exhausted, and collapse seemed imminent. Anyway, both the M.O. and the Abbess thought so. They noticed the change and decided that he was booked for topsides. Neither suspected the real cause of the relapse. Such remedies as they applied were a waste of time; there was only one cure for Tony, and his reason told him that it was as unattainable as the stars.

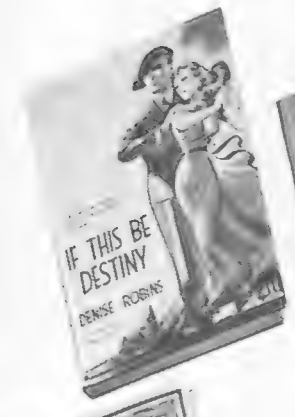
"Then, one evening, after vespers, Sister Marguerite came to the sick-room. They were alone. Whether she suspected the truth or not is something we don't know. We never shall know. Tony says it was impossible, for not by word or deed had he betrayed himself—not that he was in any condition to judge. Nor, I imagine did he know that there are some things which need neither words nor deeds to reveal. If you asked my opinion, I should say she knew all along. She knelt beside the bed.

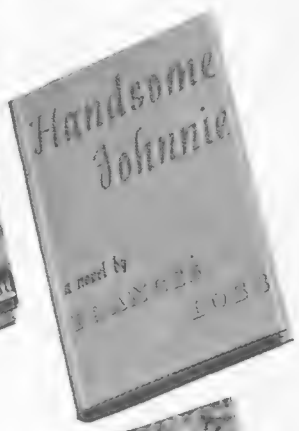
"Well, there was the stage, all set. Tony couldn't take it. He broke down and told her that he was dying—dying for love of her. She covered her face with her hands and gasped. Tony, having started, couldn't stop. There are some things you can't stop. He told her all that he'd been (*Continued on page* 67)

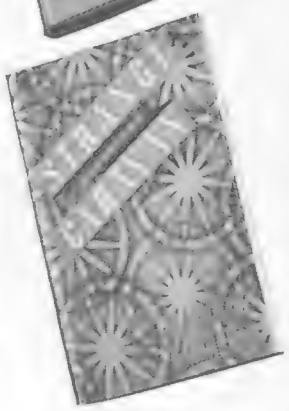
BOOKS: *Reviewed by Noel Thompson*

I HAVE written elsewhere on this page on how war came to the English countryside. M. Dragomir, a Polish civil servant, now an exile in America, has told in "It Started in Poland" (Faber and Faber, 8s. 6d.) a vivid personal story of how the blitzkrieg hit Poland. He describes those harrowing days towards the end of August, 1939, the first few days of fighting, and then of his wanderings about the country, dodging first Germans and then Russians, fighting at times with any regiment or small company he could join. In simple but telling language he talks of Warsaw and the damage, of his life there helping patriots to escape, and finally of his own thrilling escape with his sister, this last a mad final escapade which provides a fitting climax.

I do not see how any one could fail to be thrilled with this book. His first-hand experiences of bombing and machine gunning, of the German crew, with a girl pilot, all drugged with drink before being sent out, of the power of propaganda, of the days when Poland was defeated and "no longer news," and of the way the ordinary people of Poland acted are a warning and a lesson. He leaves it vague as to whether the Germans or the Russians created more misery, though the Russians were uneducated, bewildered by the good clothes of even the poorest Polish peasants, and even their officers (in this case a colonel), bought everything they could. A fountain pen fetched £50, and he saw three members of the Ogpu playing delightedly with an electric train. Clearly there has been a great change in the Russian army since then. And behind it all is the message that Poland shall rise again and continue her thousand years of history.







"The Land of the Rainbow" (Minerva Publishing Co., 7s. 6d.) by Violet Mason tells of Poland in peace time. The authoress knows the country intimately for she lived with the peasants and in the towns as one of themselves. She describes places, and customs, history and folklore with an impartially fluent pen, ending with stories of the German persecution. This is a useful guide to any one who wants to know more about the background of M. Dragomir's book.

David Rame makes a novel out of the evacuation from Dunkirk. He was present himself and in "The Sun Shall Greet Them" (Collins, 8s.) he writes of the gallant "little

(*Continued on page 62*)

Rural England and the War

TWO well-known writers have decided to put on record a picture of the England of the countryside in wartime, and a valuable record it should prove to be. The Middle West of America and the Dominions would undoubtedly be puzzled by some of the allusions to country customs and manners, but I should like to see these books read there to show how war came to ordinary folk.

One book is written by a member of the female and one by a member of the male sex; one is about Essex and the other about Sussex, but that is the limit of sex you will find.

"Village at War" (Collins, 8s.) is by Anthony Armstrong, author, playwright, and "A.A." of *Punch*. He has already two delightful books about his house in Sussex to his credit, and now he completes the trio. He admits that the picture is more one of his own, his family's, and his village's reaction to the war than a broad canvas, but what was true in their case must have been repeated a thousand times with only slight local variations.

You expect humour and get it in a number of stories, many of which are new, about evacuees, Home Guards, rationing, bombs, etc. There are numerous excellent hints on gardening, storage, fertilisers, culled from first-hand experience and a store of shrewd comments, both of his own and from the villagers' mouths. Very enjoyable reading is too slight praise.

Margery Allingham is best known as a writer of detective fiction, a branch of literature which apart from anything else calls for great powers of analysis and description, so that it is little surprise to me that her "The Oaken Heart" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) shows both these qualities. This time it is the village of Auburn, near the coast, that provides the focal point, with its little shops, its inn, school, forge, and very true characters. This is a true picture of how war came to the countryside, and how the countryside reacted, very well written and, as I have said, showing an analysis of emotions and sensations which must have applied throughout England. I enjoyed the country parallel to the philosophical bravery and humour of the Londoners in face of bombing, and again the evacuees arrive with all their problems. Now, as it will be in years to come, this is a book to read.

On Duty— and Off

Keeping in step. A group of nine of the various branches of the Women's Services taken recently at a recruiting centre opened at Harrod's

By Jane Gordon

IT is bad enough to go about your business sniffling, snorting, sneezing and coughing in peace time, but when we are at war, efficiency on duty becomes doubly important, and the common cold can very nearly be counted as a criminal offence. If you are in one of the Nursing Services, you require the routine of protecting yourself against every type of infection except a cold in the head, and this is something which has defeated even the cleverest medical men. No matter what uniform you wear, you will be doing your country a good service by making every effort to keep free of colds this winter, and if you can get through November without a sniffle or a sneeze, you have every right to be pleased with yourself.

Colds and coughs are spread by what is known as the Droplet Infection. Every time somebody sneezes or coughs, drops of germ-laden moisture are carried in the air, and they may be scattered a distance of quite ten feet or more, usually downwards and forwards. These infect not only the air, but your clothes and the furniture. The infection is also carried by air currents. And here is the moral. If you feel a sneeze or cough coming on, for goodness' sake whip out your handkerchief and put it in front of your nose and mouth; otherwise any one within the radius of ten feet is in direct danger from you. In all the Services where a lot of women work together, this precaution should be taught and insisted upon. Your protection against every type of infection is good health, healthy living tissues, plenty of soap and water, and common sense. If the mucous membrane which lines your nose and throat is in a healthy condition, this will provide you with the best barrier against other people's colds and coughs. Fresh air will keep the lining of your nose and throat healthy, which accounts for the fact that people who work out of doors or in well-ventilated rooms, are less likely to get colds than those who work in a stuffy atmosphere.

On Duty

November fogs are a specially good medium for colds, and during the foggy season you can protect yourself to a large extent by gargling with salt and water, and using the same mixture for nose-drops. You need one teaspoonful of common kitchen salt to one pint of warm water, or half a teaspoonful to an ordinary-sized tumbler. Use the gargle night and morning. An ordinary fountain pen filler will do for the nasal drops. Draw up the saline into the fountain pen filler, lie down, open your mouth wide, and drop the fluid (Continued on page 63)

ONE good thing to be said for coupons is that they tend to take one's mind off money, and we now concentrate all our attention on getting all the value possible out of the coupons spent.

It took me three days' search along Oxford Street, Regent Street, Bond Street and Piccadilly before I discovered a pair of shoes worthy of five coupons. During these off duty hours I tried on the softest and most comfortable pair of country shoes I have ever come across. These were one of the Joyce models in thick, dark, brown leather which was incredibly soft. Even the back of the heel was soft and pliable and there was a seam up the centre front of the foot and a deep wedge crêpe rubber sole. I had to love them and leave them as they were not suitable for dresses as well as suits.

Off Duty

There was a reddish-brown rough country suède tie-up with a leather-covered wedged sole of light tan, which was extremely smart. A very well-known shop is showing extremely good-looking fleece-lined ankle bootees, properly tailored (if you know what I mean), and smart enough to wear with London suits. They are laced-up and have leather soles. At another shop they have an amusing little bootee with a willow calf vamp and a brown check tweed leg proofed to keep out the wet. There is an ankle cuff of the calf and a crêpe sole with a corrugated edge. I also saw some really elegant models in crocodile, but as you probably know all leather is rationed and, therefore, these models are very limited. One good-looking tie-up shoe has a pleasantly rounded vamp and a really square heel which is neither too high nor too low. This model comes also in black, dark brown and tan calf, that is, it comes in one day and is snapped up the next. Then there is a sensible court shoe with a fairly low covered heel, squared at the back, and stitched rabbit-ear motifs turned back like a buckle over the vamp. This shoe is shown in calf or crocodile. My personal search ended with a pair of dark brown calf tie shoes with the real leather cuban heels, high enough for town and not too high for the country, and double sole for hard wear and a little elegant punching. This pair will do the double duty of suits and dresses, town and the only country I am likely to see off duty this winter. I must admit that I yearned for a pair of suède pumps bound with silk cord and finished with a real clumpy silk tassel in the place of a buckle and also for a pair of brilliantly-coloured low-heeled (Continued on page 63)

COLD COMFORT

It's not the sneeze, it's a tingle that remains behind it, fretting the stiffened membranes under the bridge of the nose, bringing a watering of the eye and a gathering stuffiness, that warns us of the dread approach of a cold in the head.

If you can only seize the warning moment to spray your nose with salt or Endrine, you will stamp out the infection, still localised in the generating centre under the bridge of the nose.

Once it has spread, which will happen within the hour, you're in for the old cycle: three days to develop, three days to go. So the plan is to treat it immediately. It is safe to suppress a cold in the head, whereas there are colds due to an accumulation of body rubbish, presaged by shivers, pains and dizziness, which it is unwise to suppress as the poison has to be expressed; but the germ of a cold in the head is sudden, and the sooner you kill it the better for you.

So, if you can be peremptory, Endrine is a preparation supplied with a rubber nozzle to insert up the nose. You squeeze it and scarcely feel the flow of the liquid up the passages and down the back of the throat into the mouth, and out, leaving the nose magically cleared. It soothes, and is good stuff to keep by you even in summer, for hay fever.

If you haven't got it, but can reach a bathroom, stir two teaspoonfuls of salt into a pint of warm water. Sniff it up; better still, make certain of the solution striking the source of infection by using a glass nasal douche to direct the flow. These douches are not much bigger than a fountain-pen filler, easily carried in a handbag.

If you are unable to apply instant treatment, three bedtime courses are open to you. A hot bath is the invariable prelude, and a further precaution is to gargle with salt, or twenty drops Dettol, or six drops iodine in half glass water and to rub the chest with camphorated oil, or any other warm oil available, and so prevent the cold from progressing downwards. Then either take: two crushed aspirins and a stiff hot whisky, and suck a complementary pastille—this remedy goes under the name of Vocalzone and it is wonderful; or swallow twenty-five drops of Dr. Collis Brown's Chlorodyne, dissolved in a very little warm water.

Again, if you have none of these things in your medicine chest, suck a lump of sugar drenched with three drops of eucalyptus. This can also be repeated. It is not tasty, but it is efficacious. Incidentally, it is the safest remedy for children. But don't mix any of your cures, select them.

All these palliatives are good, but there is no question that the quickest way over any cold, unless you can dispose of it immediately, is to rest, which is precisely what few of us are able to do. If we are lucky and can lie in bed with hot-water bottles and have some ministering angel bringing us a succession of hot drinks—preferably boiling water on a basis of black currant jam and treacle—our cold will be bliss. But if we have to face rain and rail journeys in the blackout, draughty corners and interviews, all of which will exhaust the energy we require to cope with the germ, then we have to rely on anodynes that will hold the cold under and enable us to keep on.

Aspirin works miracles but has a lowering effect unless you can stay quiet after taking it. So chlorodyne is safest, but should not be taken more than four times in the day. Vapex is good to smell, and nose douching will always afford a respite from handkerchiefs. Should the discharge from the nose seem burning and acid, a hot drink of two teaspoonfuls soda bicarb in a tumbler of water, will neutralise it.

Some head colds manifest themselves in the form of intense headaches. Inhale from a jam jar of boiling water in which the bottom has been covered with friar's balsam and a grating of menthol. Apply Bengue's Balsam, a non-sticky ointment from a tube, round the temples and the base of the head, very soon the cloudy pain will lift. Bengue's can be worked in any time during the day, followed by aspirin at night if the ache hasn't vanished.

So much for malady. How to avoid it? By anti-damp measures and germ-resisting foods. Of the latter, try

The Thought

Look at the passengers round you in a bus, note how vividly their reactions twist their features, how the reality of a thought makes or mars the face, the figure.

Annoyance or perplexity cut a frown; incredulity lifts the eyebrows, furls the forehead, the face falls in disappointment. One despondent thought is apt to fell a woman, her back bends, mouth opens, chin drops into double. True, this rarely happens so markedly in a bus, but how often do you notice shoulders sagging? Think of the havoc caused by this collapse in the body alone, as then the main organs are out of alignment, circulation is impaired, functioning disordered.

Now, watch a girl jump off for a rendezvous. She positively skips along the pavement, head erect, face alight, on the tips of her toes. That's the way to whip up circulation, she's increasing her reserves of health with every step, growing in energy.

Very different is the case of the woman who has been too long on duty and gets out carrying a heavy

HEALTH and BEAUTY

By Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in this article, write to me at Commonwealth House, Number One, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

. . do this . . .

Bemax or Glucose D for a stimulant with your breakfast.

Rub the soles of your feet with camphorated oil a little—it will keep you damp-proof whatever the slush or long hours spent in wet shoes. And a colonic wash-out, or what is known as "higher irrigation"—which you can take inexpensively at a clinic or give yourself at home—will keep you free from catarrh, the favourite hotbed for germs. Colonic wash-outs will also free you from the deep-seated skin eruptions that often follow colds.

A cold that is heralded by a sore throat and tight chest is, of course, a very much more serious affair. Sore throats are always the indication of a germ infection on a heavy body poisoning. If you are also running a temperature it is madness to get up or go out. Gargle with glycerine of tannin, as much as will cover the bottom of the tumbler, adding warm water up to quarter of the way up, and stirring the mixture vigorously.

The tight chest will best be relieved by flannel next the skin, to seal the camphorated oil in, and hot-water bottles to back and front. But the time of removing the flannel must be carefully chosen or a fresh cold may be caught. A hacking cough is dispelled by Lobelline, which can be taken whenever the cough is troublesome, up to two teaspoonfuls every two hours. Famel Syrup is good for a tickle in the throat, and particularly for soothing that tickle which lodges at the base of the throat.

How to disguise the ravages produced on your face by a severe head cold? Well, a swollen nose is reduced by compresses of cotton wool soaked in a solution half Pond's Extract, half warm water, repeated for ten minutes. Place over a chafed upper lip, too. Puffiness under the eyes is drawn out by the same compresses, while a warm weak-tea bathe does away with pink eyelids.

Heavy creaming at night is essential for sore nostrils, and Arden's Healing Cream is wonderful for this. Place a good dab of it on the bridge of the nose between the eyes. It will seep down and permeate to the irritated mucous membrane, besides helping to clear the nose.

By day, calamine lotion round the nostril edges will carry on the work of healing as well as affording a powder foundation and concealing. Moreover, if you apply it carefully, a second and tinted powder foundation can be worked over it. Because what a drawn face most needs during a cold, once swellings have been diminished, is a *lift*. And a deep-tinted foundation for your powder is the best lift you can provide. On this a deep, lustrous red lipstick right away from any (Continued on page 67)

Behind It

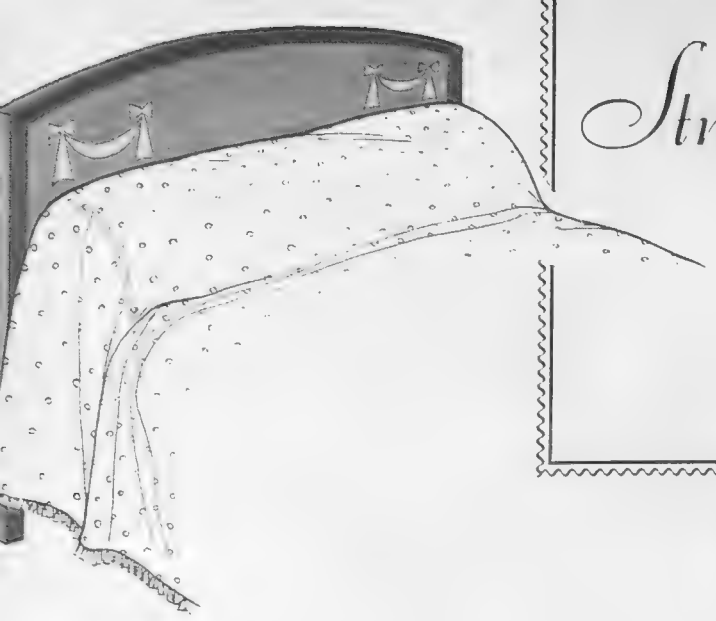
pack. Her arms inevitably droop forward, her lower back shoots out, her chin is thrust into a dogged line that will give rise to a balancing bump at the back of her neck between her shoulders.

How then are we to counter these distressing reflexes, these reactions that age us more than years?

Perhaps—and it has to be perhaps, for each of us has to arrive at our own method—the answer lies in bracing ourselves swiftly against our trials, in quickening resilience. Not in giving way for long to irritation, but in filling in time during delays, above all in expending no strength in lamentation.

It is more difficult than this, of course, to fight against hope deferred and anxieties, but less hard to cope with physical fatigue, for fatigue can be cancelled by the right posture. Chin up, bosom up, shoulders down, tail in, hips forward. Plenty of good, deep breathing.

Posture gives us the tip for thought: mentally, we have to try to hit the right angle, to swing on to the up-curve of the end opposite to affliction. And, when we have reached the see-saw's hub and achieved some degree of control, we are at the beginning of wisdom, the acquisition of mastery over ourselves and others, the secret of magnetism, poise, and of a health and beauty far beyond the power of medicine and make-up, for we command the Thought *Behind* it.



Stripped And Painted

Old, worn furniture, treated thus, takes on a new gay life

Nobody could call this a propitious time to replenish an old home or to start a new one, but there are circumstances still in which one is obliged to do it.

People newly married are making the nucleus of a home. Others have country cottages to equip. Still more are just simply replacing the things that Hitler has destroyed, and for all of these, furnishing is a serious problem, with prices going up and values going down.

Old furniture, or rather used furniture, is an obvious standby, but other people's cast-off pieces are hardly glamorous unless you can give them a rejuvenating treatment.

If you can do this, the idea has merits. You get good furniture with all the durability that this implies, and you get it at a moderate price.

For amateurs, paint offers the soundest method of rejuvenation for outmoded furniture.

Curiously enough, painted furniture has fallen between the strictly practical and the over-glamorous. We think of it in connexion with nurseries and film-stars' bedrooms, hardly ever for rooms in between, and yet there is no reason why a painted finish should be less useful than a polished one.

Stripping and preparing old-fashioned furniture for a newly painted face is quite within the scope of the amateur. Patience and the right materials are required —above all, patience.

This is a job that cannot be hurried. Done very thoroughly and with careful attention to detail, it is possible to put a new complexion on the old face of things.

Suppose you have bought a second-hand bedroom suite. It is of solid materials and good workmanship, but the polish is all scarred and stained and the design out of date.

If it is mahogany or walnut, any of the highly polished woods in fact, it will have to be stripped before you can re-paint. If it is oak, either light or dark, and not so highly polished, the surface can be covered with paint without going to the trouble of stripping.

Extraneous decoration such as carving, highly ornate handles, elaborate trimming around the top of a wardrobe, will be better removed. You can do this without in the least harming the furniture, yet modernising the appearance considerably.

If the wardrobe has a front panel of mirror glass change the appearance by getting a carpenter to replace the panel of glass with a plain piece of plywood. You can still make use of the glass by having it re-hung *inside* the wardrobe door.

The object of this change is that when the wardrobe is repainted the wood panel in front (which will, of course, be painted to match) can be given a decorative flower motif.

An alternative to hanging the mirror inside the wardrobe door, is to have it framed and hung in a good light on the wall.

A washstand makes a charming dressing-table if the low back is painted and the table top is draped with cretonne or Madras muslin mounted over sateen.

Stripping can be done in two ways. The first is with caustic soda, and is quite successful if you are thorough. Be prepared with rubber gloves to handle a solution of caustic soda and take care that none is allowed to splash on your arms or clothes. It burns.

Make a solution in a pail by pouring boiling water on to the caustic soda. Stand the furniture to be treated out of doors, if possible, and apply the solution liberally to the surface with a large, soft paint brush. Go over the surface continually until the polish yields and can be scraped off with an old blunt knife or, preferably, a special stripping trowel. Repeat the treatment until the stain and polish is quite removed and you are down to the natural colour of the wood. Now scrub down the surface with two or three lots of clean warm water to remove the solution from within the grain.

After this treatment, the wood must be given a few hours to dry. Next it needs rubbing down very thoroughly with fine sandpaper to remove the last traces of polish and to give the perfect surface for paint.

The other method, and perhaps the best for amateurs, is to use one of the prepared strippers which are made by the paint manufacturers and sold in tins. This very highly concentrated

solution is applied with a brush in much the same way as the caustic soda. Care should be taken to keep the stripper from contact with other things, and the wood must be thoroughly cleansed after its use to prevent further action upon it.

Cellulose paint gives a brilliant gloss finish to furniture and washable at that. Most of the more reputable manufacturers make cellulose paint which is easy for amateurs to apply.

Good results in nearly all painting jobs depend more upon a thorough preparation of the surface of the wood than upon the actual painting, so long as the material used is good.

It is always worth while to buy the undercoating expressly made to go with the particular colour of finishing paint you have chosen.

Lovely and unusual colour schemes can be built up by harmonising and contrasting painted furniture with the fabrics in the scheme. Most of the colour charts compiled by the better paint manufacturers offer sufficiently varied colourings for average use, but if you have a particularly subtle colour in mind for your painted furniture the paint manufacturers will always mix a special shade for your personal use at a small extra charge.

When you are painting over oak without stripping first, two coats of white-lead paint before the final colouring are generally sufficient to conceal the dark surface. It is important to use white-lead paint for this purpose, because it is thick and opaque. Other undercoatings might be successful, but only by using many more coats of them.

Decoration for your painted furniture is a matter of inspiration. In our sketches we have shown two or three ways of decorating old furniture which has been painted over. The swag *motif* shown on the panel of the bed is very simple to do.

You can draw it first on thin cardboard, cut out the design and trace round the cutting with pencil on the panel of the bed. It needs then only a steady hand and a fine paintbrush to fill in the colouring.

Flower transfers (just like the things we loved as children) can be stuck on to doors and panels to give a finish to plain surfaces, and in a room where there is a cretonne with a small, clean-cut design, you can cut out a spray of flowers, glue it very carefully on to the furniture and go over the surface of it with lacquer when it is dry.

Winifred Lewis

Painted furniture, salvaged from second-hand furniture shops, has helped to furnish this room.

The desk, which was stained with ink and very badly scratched, was stripped of polish and repainted antique cream. A very simple decoration in colour was given by outlining the drawers with a narrow margin of green. New brass handles were added.

The Victorian chair frame was also stripped of dingy polish and treated to two coats of antique cream paint. A tiny flower decoration is stencilled at each side of the framework below the seat. This is in pink and cream and picks up the colouring of the dusty pink chintz, figured with green, which covers the back and cushion. The same chintz makes the loose covers.

Tobacco-brown felt curtains, are lined with cream casement for a complete black-out. The carpet exactly matches the curtains, and the round table is painted green. The walls are antique cream.

Although the appearance of the furniture is delicate, all these painted surfaces are easily kept clean and are no more liable to disfigurement than polished ones.

How to keep Warm

This winter the cold mortals must put their heads together and decide how to keep warm. This is a strictly clannish affair, and concerns only those who feel the cold so much that they would wear red flannel if they dared.

This much we know about the winter, that it won't be better and it might easily be worse than the last two. Fuel will be short, travelling will be slow and sometimes very uncomfortable; wads of new warm clothes are out of the question and only good organisation can save us from an uncomfortable time.

Everybody knows that to be warm you must first be fit. Unhealthy people feel the cold. Thin people feel the cold. So do lazy people. If you are in any one of these categories, get busy.

You may be unfit in a purely negative sort of way. Just subject to colds and chilblains, and a general sensation of having slowed down mentally and physically. If this is the case, you need extra nourishment, fortified with vitamins and exercise and deep breathing.

Poor circulation is at the root of so many troubles, including over-fatness and over-thinness and, of course, cold fingers and toes. Piling on clothes and hugging the fire won't help, but exercises will, and so will diet.

Take a cereal for breakfast which is rich in vitamin B. This will raise your resistance to infection and increase your stamina generally. Bemax—not strictly a cereal, but a palatable medical food—has vitamin B in large quantities.

Take cod-liver oil right through the winter if you are thin and feel the cold in your bones. At a time when diet is probably deficient in warming fats, we could all do worse than take a regular daily dose of cod-liver oil. The High Potency Seven Seas variety can be taken in drops or in capsules, so the old objections of flavour and greasiness no longer apply. Incidentally, it is not expensive.

Begin the cold days with your own particular brand of exercises.* Just five minutes. Do them vigorously, breathe deeply, to get the blood pounding through your veins. The vitality this generates will last for hours.

Organise carefully for every phase of your winter existence. Take travel, which is slow and cold and hard on the fingers and toes: since anything goes these days, no one will look twice if you put your legs into brightly coloured woollen stockings. You may have seen them in the big shops, and if they seem strange to you, it is only because your fashion eye is not yet attuned to the sight of them. Certainly they have more personality than neutral-coloured woollen stockings, and you may grow to love them in the way you do your clumpy sheepskin-lined boots. If you don't want to use coupons on them, unravel an old jumper and knit a pair.

If you haven't got wool-lined boots and can't get them, travel in thick-soled crepe. The soles of the feet are sensitive, and absorb damp very easily through thin soles.

Pull wool gauntlets over your suède gloves for long journeys. Buy them a size larger for the purpose. Wear a coat with a hood or carry one to protect your neck from carriage-window draughts and icy winds.

Have a good breakfast. Make it, if you can, a leisured and warming meal. Don't peck at something while you put the finishing touches to your toilet.

The best way to keep warm in bed is to get warm before you go to bed. Don't expect to warm up quickly after you are in bed, unless you have an active circulation.

You hate the idea of exercises before bed, but if you can bring yourself to do a few quick ones, you won't be sorry. Lying awake feeling cold in bed is frequently due to a sluggish circulation of blood to the brain. Five minutes' exercise to get the blood moving freely—particularly head rolling—will check this tendency and give you warm and restful slumber.

Another warming idea is to take your hot bath at night instead of in the mornings during winter. Steep yourself in hot water, dry briskly, and hop into bed.

Use light, warm bedclothes, never piles of heavy clothing. Have a hot-water bottle by all means, but make a soft cover for it so that you don't blister your toes. Make the cover come right up over the top, because nothing is worse than stubbing your toe on an ice-cold bottle-stopper in the night.

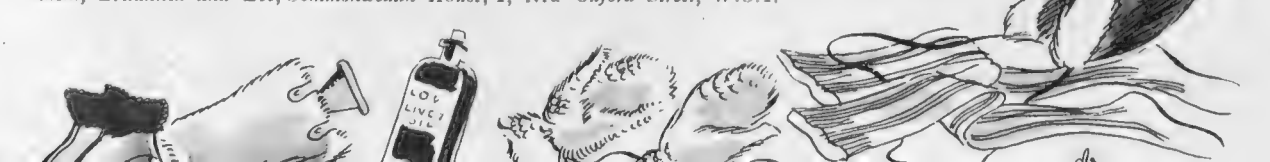
Don't overlook the fact that warmth is a psychological factor, as well as a physical one. Wear warm clothes, and wear warm-*looking* clothes. Choose warm colours, get an illusion of warmth with tinted lights and comforting, warm-looking textures. Light creates the illusion of warmth more than any other thing.

Arrange the furniture comfortably, companionably, so that the moment you walk into the room you feel the embrace of cosiness. Group the most comfortable chairs around the fire. Deal with the draught situation thoroughly. Don't put up with niggling discomforts just for want of a little organisation.

Above all, keep your resolution to keep moving. Don't give way to the temptation to sit and hug the fire when you might be moving around doing a useful task, taking a sharp walk. Up to a point, keeping warm is just a state of mind. Act warm and you will *be* warm is a good slogan to pin under your muffler.

W.L.

* *If you want a good toning exercise routine, write to the Editor, Women's Department, Britannia and Eve, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.*



Make These Yourself, They Are Easy, Cheap, Need No Coupons

BLACK HESSIAN BELT AND HANDBAG

Required for Handbag. Black hessian, 15 ins. by 25 ins.; black mull or other lining, 15 ins. by 25 ins.; black buckram, 14 ins. by 24 ins.; layer of black wadding, 14 ins. by 24 ins.; small square of white felt; large black press-stud for fastening.

To Make. Place the piece of buckram on the hessian and the layer of wadding on the buckram. Turn in the hessian ½ in. all round, and hem with large stitches on to the wadding, also catching the buckram. Slip-stitch in the lining, and press well, using a damp cloth. Fold up 6½ ins. to form the body of the bag. Cut out 2 gussets. Line and press and stitch to the folded sides of the bag the width of the gusset, forming pleats inside. Stitch on the press-stud. Cut out the white felt initials and stick in position on the flap of the bag with liquid seccotine. Any initials giving the same effect can be made by using a diamond-shaped outline as a guide.

Required for Belt. Strip of black hessian, 3 ins. wide, length as waist measurement; and small piece for diamond-shaped buckle; strip of buckram, 1½ ins. wide, length as belt; white felt for initials.

To Make. Slip the buckram inside the strip of hessian for the belt. Fold the belt to the required width (1½ ins.), and slip-stitch along the inside. Press well, using damp cloth. Machine-stitch along edges for firmness, but this can be omitted if desired. Cut out a diamond-shaped piece of material for buckle, stiffen with buckram and line. Stitch on to centre front of belt, and sew hooks and eyes to fasten belt at back. Place initials in position, and fix on with liquid glue.

HOT-WATER BOTTLE COVER AND TOILET HOLD-ALL

Required for Cover. Piece of furnishing satin, 11 ins. by 26 ins.; piece of white mull for lining; layer of wadding, 8½ ins. by 22 ins.; 1¼ yards ½-in. wide wine satin ribbon for ties; 1½ yards narrow wine cord; wine stranded embroidering cotton; hyacinth-blue stranded embroidery cotton.

To Make. Lay the wadding on the wrong side of the piece of satin. Turn in 1 in. of the satin along each long side, tacking down with large stitches. Turn in 2 ins. of the satin along each short side, tacking down to the wadding in the same way. Plot the squares and the diamond for the centre with the aid of a pencil and ruler, drawing the design along half the length of the satin to be quilted. Machine-stitch along the lines, or sew by hand, using tiny back stitches. Embroider flower-sprig in centre. Slip-stitch in the lining, and seam up the sides to form the cover. Stitch the cord to edge all round and the ribbons in place to tie.

Required for Hold-all. — Piece of furnishing satin, 18 ins. by 13 ins.; piece of oil silk or chamois leather for lining, 17 ins. by 12 ins.; layer of wadding, 17 ins. by 12 ins.; 2 yards narrow wine cord; 12 ins. zip fastener; embroidery cotton as for hot-water bottle cover.

To Make.—Method as for hot-water bottle cover. When quilted, embroidered and lined, fold over and stitch up the two sides. Edge the three sides with cord, and sew in the zip to fasten the top. Make a tassel for the cord, and attach to zip.

DRESS:

By JEAN BURNUP
Editor Women's Department

1. SPECTATOR MODEL

2 3 4

5. BERY

6. BERY

If you have to pick one major outfit that Must Go On, consider that old faithful, the dress-and-matching-jacket. They will snip eighteen coupons, no less, but solidity's behind you, and a tireless friendship. There is practically no weather and no occasion when this outfit misfires. Summer, winter, spring and autumn, travel, office, eating out, shopping, getting married, it always looks just a little nicer than what everybody else is wearing. Its versatility is an old story.

Next, in order of bosom friendship, most women would place the little black woollen frock, happily worn by all of us from seventeen to seventy. When this is a two-piece, its utility is even more marked.

On this page we have drawn a few of the mergers which can arise when you start off with a dress and jacket, a two-piece black frock, a good blouse. **1.** The jacket suit itself, in green and orchid pink tweed, the jacket with deep revers and patch pockets, the dress with an open-neck shirt, two breast pockets, a tan leather belt. (This starts up colour trains of thought—a green jacket, an orchid dress, green or tan accessories.) **2.** The jacket with the black woollen skirt, a green shirt. **3.** The jersey skirt worn beneath an odd jacket, which, instead of being cut on the usual casual lines, is formally tailored and can itself carry other dresses and skirts. **4.** The tweed dress beneath a loose top-coat. This dress alone, worn with a heavy bracelet or two or a bright clip, has personality on its own. **5.** The two-piece dress is black wool jersey with a subtle sweater fit over the hips. The four bows are repeated on the left sleeve. **6.** The jersey skirt worn with a very attractive shirt blouse in heavy orchid crepe, with box pleats down the front, a barrister's collar.

1. AAGE THAARUP

2. AAGE THAARUP

3. HUGH BERESFORD

4. HUGH BERESFORD

5. ERIC

6. ERIC

All autumn, young girls have been pushing hats back on heads, showing brows and lots of hair. They were usually simple hats, the pillbox, the beret, the sailor. Now the pushed-up-in-front-and-pulled-down-at-back line extends to more sophisticated hats (as No. 2), extremely flattering when the back of the neck is framed in a soft swathe of material. But for those who prefer them there are still plenty of pretty eye-shaders to choose from. **1.** Green velour toque trimmed with a rose-pink slipper satin bow, particularly suited to short or on-top hair. **2.** A high, dramatic turban in two shades of chenille, grey and red, with the new low back-of-the-neck line. **3.** Bracken-brown felt sailor, appliqued with green felt leaves, one large cut-out leaf covering the back hair. **4.** Raisin felt, its crown gaining height by two pierced quills in pink and shaded raisin. **5.** Worn back of the head, a black felt with a standing edge to the brim, a black grosgrain bow in front. **6.** Black velvet cap, peaking on the brow, with an edging of green feathers, green mercury wings shooting up on either side and a twist of black veil. (Aage Thaarup and Hugh Beresford hats can now be obtained in good shops all over the country.)

ELEGANCE IN BLACK

Change of Pin and Stitch Gives New Flattering Line

MATERIALS

4 oz. Sirdar Super Shetland wool, 2-ply (2 coupons); 1 pair each Nos. 12, 10 and 5 needles; 2 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder, 19 ins.; across underarm, 17 ins.; sleeve from shoulder, 11 ins.

TENSION

8 sts. to 1 in. for No. 10 needles.

THE FRONT

With No. 12 needles, cast on 114 sts. Continue as follows:

1st row.—K. 2, p. 2 to end of row. **2nd row.**—P. 2, k. 2 to end of row. (These 2 rows make the rib.) Work 5 ins., at the same time decreasing each end of 11th row, and then every 4th row, until 102 sts. on needle. Change to No. 10 needles, and work until 10½ ins. from beg., at same time increasing 1 st. each end of every 4th row, until 130 sts. on needle.

Continue as follows: change to No. 12 needles. **1st row.**—Rib to end. **2nd row.**—*K. 1, k. twice into next st. Repeat from * to end of row. Change to No. 5 needles. **3rd row.**—K. **4th row.**—P. **5th row.**—K. **6th row.**—P. **7th row.**—Change to No. 12 needles. *K. 1, k. 2 tog. Repeat from * to end. **8th row.**—Rib to end. These 8 rows make the pat. for panel. Continue until 13 ins. from the beg.

SHAPE THE ARMHOLE

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Continue for 2½ ins. on the remaining sts. Change to No. 10 needles, and continue in rib for 2½ ins.

SHAPE THE NECK

Work 42 sts. in pat., cast off 14, work 42 sts. in pat. Work on each set of 42 sts. for 2 ins., at same time dec. 1 st. every row at neck edge, until 32 sts. remain.

SHAPE THE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows.

THE BACK

Work as for front until 13½ ins. from beg. Continue in rib for half an inch.

SHAPE THE ARMHOLES

As for the front. Work 4 ins., on the remaining 98 sts. Then divide sts. for the back opening.

Work on the first 49 sts. for 2½ ins., keeping 3 sts. at the neck edge in plain knitting.

SHAPE THE NECK

Cast off 14 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row.

(Continued on page 66)

COMFORT IN GREY

Large Buttons, Pocket Placing, Make this Cardigan Different

MATERIALS

10 oz. La Laine 4-ply wool (5 coupons); 6 button moulds; a pair of No. 9 and No. 11 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 36 ins.; length, 22 ins.; sleeve seam, 18 ins.

TENSION

7 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 91 sts. with No. 9 needles. Work the following pat.: **1st row.**—K. 1, p. 1 rib ending k. 1. **2nd row.**—K. the p. st. and p. the k. st. of previous row, as in stocking st. Repeat these 2 rows until there are 6 worked. **7th row.**—* K. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 5, k. 1, p. 1, repeat from * to end, ending k. 1. **8th row.**—As 2nd. Repeat these 2 rows until there are 12 worked. (18 from beg.) These 18 rows form the pat. Repeat them until there are 6 ins.

Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 6th row until there are 119 sts. Work straight until side seams are 15 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 91 sts.

Work straight until armholes are 8½ ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of every row 6 times, leaving 49 sts. Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

Cast on 51 sts. with No. 9 needles. Work first 41 sts. in pat. and last 10 all k., on every row for 6 ins. Now m. 1 st. at armhole edge on every 6th row until there are 14 increases (65 sts.). Work straight until side seams are 15 ins. Now k. 2 tog. at armhole edge on every row, and k. 2 tog. inside the 10 all k. border sts. on every 6th row, until there are 49 sts. Do not decrease at armhole any more, but decrease inside border now on every 3rd. row until armholes are 8½ ins. round curve, and there are 31 sts.

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of every other row at the outside edge until there are only the rib stitches left. Work 3½ ins. on these stitches. Cast off.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 51 sts. with No. 9 needles. Work first 10 sts. all k., and last 41 in pat., and work to (Contd. on page 66)

ABBREVIATIONS

k=knit; p.=purl; m.=make; s.=slip; st.=stitch or stitches; tog.=together; beg.=beginning; pat.=pattern; dec.=decrease; inc.=increase; ins.=inches.

Visitors Bring Their Own Manners

The Eastern mind is said to work obscurely, but it occasionally operates with glorious and refreshing penetration.

In Oriental restaurants they sometimes display a placard reminding the clientele that "Visitors Bring Their Own Manners."

This, when you come to think of it, shows more than a subtle sense of fun—it reveals a startling appreciation of the vulnerable spot in human relationships.

In a world where the gentler qualities are more and more the prerogative of the ineffectual, the habit of leaving our manners at home is growing alarmingly. It 's a pity.

Think. How many quarrels in your own life would have been averted if both sides had been innocent of any breach of good manners? Quite a few, perhaps.

Remember that terrible row you had with your sister, which developed a lot of side issues but which really began in the first place because she went out in your new coat without a by-your-leave? She wouldn't have done that to a stranger. Good manners would have forbidden it. They would also have forbidden your expressing your opinion of her in those unflattering terms.

Manners have the habit of relaxing within the family circle. Why?

Do you tear your hair at the discourtesy of the shop-girl who cuts your coupons off when you buy a new pair of stockings? Do you realise that she has merely left her manners at home, possibly in retaliation for the daily procession of women who come to her counter without their manners?

Wouldn't bus queues and shop counters and restaurants and the office you work in and even the bosom of the family be heavenly if people simply practised the common-or-garden theories of courtesy?

What is it one likes so much about that rare and fascinating creature, the woman with perfect manners?

She never embarrasses you with the wrong question or the wrong reply. She is sensitive of your feelings and alert for your interests. She glosses over your mistakes and enhances your successes. She can thank you for a kindness with simplicity and conviction. She can do you a kindness casually and yet without indifference. This is all in addition to saying "Please" and "Thank you" and not making a noise with the soup.

She makes good manners sound difficult. Well, it is difficult to have consideration for others. But a few more people should practise it. Life would be easier.

PATCHWORK COMES BACK

History repeats itself, and outmoded fashions come up like new again. Patchwork is the latest thing to make a come-back, and to start us wondering whether modern women can sew as well as their grandmothers.

Anyway, our ancestors set a very high standard, and, one way and the other, turned the simple matter of joining coloured scraps of silk together into a high art. Now it is our turn to make clever designs and lovely colour harmonies out of the family scrap-bag.

The simplest patchwork consists in joining together scraps of coloured material into matching shapes. You can do this by tacking them down on to a cotton base, then turning in the edges and featherstitching them with bright cotton. This is the easiest and quickest way, but not the most accurate, if you are dealing with intricate shapes.

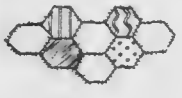
For these you need cardboard shapes. If, for instance, the patchwork is to be done in round pieces, cut two or three round cardboard shapes measuring approximately three inches across. If the shape is hexagonal—that is, six-sided,

with every side equal—then cut the cardboard accordingly.

Very interesting and intricate designs can be worked out by combining various shapes together, but this is for when you are more experienced, and requires a diagram drawn on squared paper, so that each piece is carefully allotted to its particular place.

Cover your cardboard shapes with scraps of material, turning the edges in at the back about a quarter of an inch deep. Tack lightly across to hold the fabric in place, and when you have arranged two or three, begin sewing them together. This is done by neatly oversewing from the back. When two or three pieces have been joined, the cardboard guides can be removed by cutting the tacking stitches. Continue until the work is the size required.

The beauty and the skill of patchwork lie in harmonising the colours and in



varying the shapes to form a picturesque whole.

The completed work is mounted on a cotton back, and is sometimes finished off with featherstitching in a bright-coloured silk all around the outer edges of each patch.

Crazy-work is a modification of patchwork; not so beautiful and not so intricate, but amusing and pretty when the colours are well matched.

It is a matter of taste whether you use the patchwork as a panel mounted within a margin of some plain material, either silk or velvet, or if you carry the patchwork right through. Some of the fine old quilts were finished at the edges with a narrow braid of black velvet. Others had no edging at all.

A very charming variation of mixed shapes is to use all plain silks cut in round or triangular shapes, with here and there a flower embroidered in the centre of one of them. Other easy designs are the long hexagon, the triangular and a combination of circles and triangles.

There are traditional designs in patchwork, very lovely and very intricate in conception. The Tree of Life, the Star of Bethlehem and Honeycomb Hexagon are outstanding designs, and examples of these which survive are works of art.

Make haste slowly with your patchwork. Graduate to the more intricate designs. Accuracy is important, and you can only achieve this by starting at the bottom and working up.

Home Service

Plenty of women who are living out of touch with shops and hairdressers, or whom war work is keeping too busy for hairdressing and beauty appointments, are used to the idea of becoming their own hairdresser and manicurist. What some of us are not so sure about is how to run an efficient home service for hair and nails.

Beginning with hair, remember that to wash and set your own hair you need some organisation.

Get together all the essential materials for a shampoo and start by giving your hair a vigorous brushing to remove loose dirt and scurf. If your hair is dry and wilting, give it an oil treatment.

For this, warm a saucer of olive oil over some boiling water. Take a piece of cotton-wool, and having first parted the hair in all directions, dab the warm oil on to the scalp. Keep on dabbing until you have dealt with every inch of the scalp.

Now take strands of hair and apply the oil to each one right down to the tips. When you have dealt with it all, massage the scalp with the finger-tips of both hands, moving the skin about in a rotary motion. Don't rub the surface, but *move* it. Keep on until you feel the circulation tingling through your scalp.

Give the oil ten minutes to penetrate.

If you can still get a reputable shampoo powder from your chemist, or, even better, some green soft soap, you are lucky. If you can't, shred some plain castile toilet soap into a jug and pour boiling water on it.

Plenty of water is the secret of a good shampoo. Wash in one water. Empty it away and wash again in fresh. Use two or three lots of fresh water for rinsing.

If you have hot water on tap, fix a length of rubber hosing with a spray nozzle to the tap like the hairdressers do. This way you can make light of rinsing.

Roll the hair tightly in a towel to get the surplus water out of it. Follow by vigorous brushing with a perfectly clean brush. This stimulates the circulation and helps with drying.

Now for setting.

Part the hair, and with the setting lotion you have chosen begin pinning up in accordance with the style you wear. You will presumably have watched the way your hairdresser did it.

You can't hurry with setting and get good results. Take tiny strands of hair and roll each into flat curls to pin neatly against your head. No matter how tedious, stick to small strands.

If you want chunky curls or swept-up effects at the front and sides, set the hair in small curls which have been set up in the direction which the sweep will ultimately take. The chunks and the sweeps come later when the hair is dry and combed into the final set.

The long-mane style, curling at the ends from deep waves, can be set quite simply. Comb and press the waves in—you must have seen how the hairdresser does it—then roll the ends tightly round a pencil to the length you wear the hair. Pin them securely with Kerbi-grips or curlers.

Hair dried in the sun occasionally will feel the benefit of Nature's best tonic. Don't ever expose the hair and scalp to a fierce heat by holding it close to a gas or electric fire.

When you are completely dry—and not before—remove all the pins and comb out the curls, reshaping them into the style you like.

Spray a little brilliantine on if your hair is dry.

By now you have got into your stride with this home service, and the next appointment with yourself is for a manicure. You have watched the manicurist often enough and it all seems very simple, but there are pitfalls.

Don't make the mistake of thinking that because nails are tough they can be treated roughly. They are

Easy to Set at Home

A style that starts like a pompadour in front with sides swept up and round towards the forehead in a soft coil. The swept-up front is caught with a bow on top. The back is sleek and falls into soft attractive curls at the ends

An upward sweep at each side of the head with the ends turned in. The front is combed from a left parting into a sausage curl down the centre crown. The ends are semi-long with softness behind the ears

This time the rolled-up side pieces continue all round the head. The front, which is parted on the left, is combed into two soft flat curls above the brow. The whole effect is sleek. There are no loose ends. Perfect for a Service cap

Sides brushed up high are held back with combs and the ends brought forward into neat rolls following through with another roll low on the neck at the back, framing the ears. The piece in front is swept up and forward into a fat curl

extremely delicate and need soft and careful handling.

There is something a little baffling about nails. Even doctors are at a loss to explain why it is that some nails break easily and why others grow crops of white spots. General health is the key to the welfare of nails, so local treatments for defects should synchronise with measures to improve the health generally. Calcium is often helpful for breaking nails.

Incidentally, scientific investigation has been quite unable to find corroboration of the claim that varnish impairs the nails.

If you aim to have beautiful and healthy nails never use a steel file, just an emery board. Don't clean them out with the point of a file. Never use anything more drastic than an orange-stick on the under surface of the nail.

Start your manicure with filing, but don't file down the sides of the nails. Half the injury done to the delicate tissues in this part is from filing down the sides. Let them grow. The nails will look longer and shapelier and you will have fewer troubles with splitting.

After filing and shaping soak the finger-tips in warm, soapy water before continuing the manicure. This isn't just a manicurist's trick but a real measure of protection. It softens the delicate cuticle.

Cuticle cream or vaseline should be rubbed into the nail base before the operation begins. Use the blunt end of an orange-stick to coax the cuticle backwards. Never use sharp instruments of any kind and never cut the cuticle, however badly it has spread.

Cuticle remover will loosen the dead cuticle. Scrape and lift this dead skin with an orange-stick but gently, persuasively, until every loose particle is gone. Be careful only to work on the dead skin, not on the sensitive rim.

A little peroxide on the end of an orange-stick will remove obstinate dirt or stain from under the nail-tip but use the implement gently, because if you scratch the skin under the nail it will roughen the surface and collect dirt more rapidly.

The secret of putting on nail varnish neatly and evenly is in making three strong, rapid strokes with a good thin brush which has no stray ends. Use a child's paint brush with the handle cut down, if the brush in your bottle of varnish is growing whiskers.

Always take your paint strokes downwards from the cuticle to the nail tip. The first stroke is from the centre downwards, the next two are on each side and should complete the nail. Give the varnish time to harden. If you haven't the patience and the time for this, don't use varnish.

A good tip for a nail that has split apart is to cut a tiny particle of adhesive plaster to stick over the place. Colour varnish over the whole nail and the injury will be hidden.

A pedicure is done much the same as a manicure. If you are wise, you will have kept the cuticles softened with the regular application of cream or vaseline to the base of the nail. Do your pedicure after the bath, filing the nail straight across the top, never down at the sides or even rounding the top.

Wrap a tiny piece of cotton wool around the end of an orange-stick, dip it in peroxide and work very gently all around the base and sides of the toe nails. This will remove dirt which gets into the grooves, and also loosens particles of dead cuticle which are sometimes congested by contact with perspiration.

Do this after your bath and do it twice. It is very refreshing, and helps to keep the nails neat and well groomed.

Constriction and perspiration bring on defects of the toe nails which are not so common to the hands. That is why it is even more essential to keep the toe nails under constant observation.

Perfect-fitting shoes are the ultimate solution of foot troubles and particularly distorted nails. A regular and thorough pedicure will improve the appearance of your feet, but it cannot prevent trouble unless you wear shoes that give your feet a chance.

By Harriet Muir

The basis for good soup is good household stock. For this use any bones, either raw from the butcher or cooked from the joint; trimmings and meat scraps; bacon rinds; poultry giblets, if you ever have poultry, and the legs of the fowl from which the useless skin is easily peeled when the legs are soaked in boiling water; beans, lentils and what-have-you.

Take off the fat for rendering down, and put the bones, etc., into a pan with cold water (about 2 quarts to 2 lb.). Add salt, bring to the boil and skim. Put in a small carrot, a piece of turnip, a bunch of herbs, and a couple of celery stalks. Simmer gently about four hours. Strain, and when cold remove fat, which can be used for frying. *Don't* leave the stock in the pan overnight; and always boil up next day any stock not used immediately.

Fish bones, skin and scraps, simmered for three hours with similar vegetables, will produce a good basis for fish soups.

And with the Ministry of Food always at your elbow, it doesn't need me to tell you of the manifold virtues of soups with a vegetable base.

For these you can use the water in which potatoes and other vegetables have been boiled. Says "Food Facts for the Kitchen Front," the Ministry's own cookery book, "it is a great mistake to think that a bone stock is necessary for soup."

Rice-water and barley-water can also be used as soup liquid.

For thickening, when necessary, you can take a tablespoonful of oatmeal or cooked porridge, mixed with a little cold milk, stock or water before adding to the hot soup; a tablespoonful of arrowroot, cornflour, or flour mixed to a smooth paste with any of these liquids; or a tablespoonful of soaked tapioca or sago.

Indian Soup. 2 oz. rice; 1 oz. margarine or other fat; 1 quart meat stock or vegetable water; 2 carrots (grated); 1 onion or 1 leek (if possible); ½ pint milk; little nutmeg (grated); salt and pepper; 1 teaspoonful cornflour; chopped parsley.

Heat fat in the pan and add the rice. Cook a few minutes before putting in the stock and the onion or leek, chopped. Cook slowly for about an hour. Reserve a little milk for blending the thickening, warm the rest and add to the soup, with salt, pepper and nutmeg. Mix cornflour with cold milk and stir well in. Now add the grated carrot and the parsley, and in a few minutes the soup will be ready to serve.

Soup Paysanne. 2 pints stock (vegetable water or milk and water); 1 turnip; 1 carrot; 1 tablespoon minced onion, or spring onion, or shallot, or leek; half-loaf stale wheatmeal bread; grated cheese rind; 2 tomatoes (if in season); ½ cabbage (shredded); salt and pepper.

Dice the carrot and turnip and add to stock in saucepan, together with the onion, if available. Cook slowly for about ten minutes. Put in the shredded cabbage, the tomatoes (sliced) and the bread, thoroughly crumbled. Add salt and pepper. Allow to simmer gently until vegetables are cooked (about twenty minutes). Pass through a sieve or colander, add more liquid if needed and re-heat. Add cheese before serving.

Soup Bisque. 1 cod's head; 2 sticks celery; 1 onion or leek (if available); 1 lb. potatoes; 1 tablespoonful flour or soaked tapioca; 2 pints cold water; salt and pepper.

Wash the cod's head and boil for about thirty minutes in the water, starting from cold. Take out head and remove any flesh, which can either be reserved for making fish cakes or added to the soup, mashed with a fork. Put in the vegetables, chopped finely, and boil for another thirty to forty minutes. Thicken, cook ten minutes more and serve.

Minestrone. 6 oz. mixed haricot beans and dried peas; 2 or 3 stalks celery; 2 potatoes; 1 carrot; 1 onion or leek (if available); 1 small turnip; 1 small cabbage; a few sticks macaroni; chopped parsley; 2 oz. dripping; 2 quarts meat stock or vegetable water; grated cheese (if available); salt and pepper.

Soak peas and beans overnight. Heat the dripping in the saucepan and cook, without browning, the potatoes, celery, carrot, onion, turnip (all diced) and the cabbage (shredded). Now put in the stock, the beans and peas, the macaroni (broken in short lengths). Simmer for two and a half to three hours, then add cheese and parsley immediately before serving.

Beetroot Soup with Celery. 2 good-sized beetroot (cooked); 1 head celery; 1 pint milk (made with milk powder, if necessary); 1 pint water; 1 tablespoonful top milk (optional); salt and pepper.

Peel and chop beetroots; clean and dice celery. Cook beetroot and celery in the milk and water. When soft, run through a sieve. Season, heat up again, add the top milk and serve.

Swede Soup. 1½ lb. swedes; 1½—2 pints water; ½ pint milk; 1 tablespoonful flour; little dripping; 1 small onion or leek (chopped); bacon rinds; salt and pepper.

Peel swedes and chop into small chunks. Heat fat in saucepan and put in the bacon rinds and, if available, the onion or leek.

Add the swedes, and cook for a few minutes before putting in the

Something Different for Breakfast

Whiff of bacon . . .

without breaking seriously into the week's ration; use just half a rasher each to get that appetising breakfast aroma. Eke out the bacon with potato pancakes (grated raw potatoes, mixed with flour to form batter, seasoned, and dropped by spoonfuls into fat); carrot cakes (equal quantities of grated carrot, mashed potato and oatmeal, formed into cakes and fried); slices of cooking apple (fried in bacon fat); fried slices of carrot or of Jerusalem artichoke.

Egg economy . . .

Scrambled eggs will go twice as far if you add white breadcrumbs while cooking. One egg will be enough for "bacon and egg" for two if you beat up the egg with milk and seasoning and dip quarter-slices of bread in it. Fry in the bacon fat.

And other ideas . . .

Fish cakes prepared overnight can be varied with a little curry powder or a dash of Worcester sauce in the mixture. Kedgeree doesn't need chopped egg, must have lots of chopped parsley. Sausage cutlets (again prepared overnight) are made with sausage meat mixed with half its quantity of cooked rice, a small onion or leek (chopped), a little milk or stock to bind, parsley (chopped), salt and pepper. Shape into cutlets, brush with milk and roll in breadcrumbs before frying.

water. Season with salt and pepper, and cook gently until swedes are soft enough to mash.

Pour off the stock into another vessel and mash the swedes. Mix flour to a smooth paste with a little cold milk. Return the stock to the pan with the swedes, add the rest of the milk and stir in the flour. Simmer, stirring, for about quarter of an hour. Add more pepper and, if liked, a grating of nutmeg before serving.

Haricot Soup. 3 pints meat stock (or vegetable water can be used) ; ¼ lb. haricot beans ; 3 tablespoonfuls rice ; 3 or 4 leeks (or onions, if available) ; ½ oz. fat ; chopped parsley or dried mint ; salt and pepper.

Soak beans overnight. Heat fat in saucepan and add leeks, chopped, cooking them for a few minutes without browning. Put in beans and stock, and season. Simmer slowly for an hour before adding rice. Cook till soft, and scatter chopped parsley or mint over just before serving.

A few bacon rinds put into the pan with the fat are an improvement.

Rabbit Broth. Rabbit left-overs ; 1 carrot ; 1 turnip ; 2 or 3 celery stalks ; 1 onion stuck with cloves (optional), or 1 leek ; 1 meat cube ; a few cloves (if onion is not used) ; 2 tablespoonfuls flour ; 1 quart stock or vegetable water ; 1 slice stale wheatmeal bread ; salt and pepper.

Pick off from the rabbit any nice pieces of meat, and dice them to add later. Peel and cut up the carrot and turnip, and chop the celery and leek roughly. Put the bread in the soup-pan, and add the rabbit bones, the onion or leek and the other vegetables, with salt, pepper and cloves. Pour on the stock, bring to the boil, and simmer until the vegetables are cooked.

Strain, rub as much of the vegetables as possible through a sieve, and return soup to pan. Add the rabbit flesh, and boil up. Put in the meat cube. Mix the flour to a paste with a little cold water, add a cupful of the boiling liquor and blend well. Pour back into soup. Simmer a few minutes more, stirring, and serve.

Carrot Soup. 1 lb. carrots ; 2 tablespoonfuls finely-sliced celery ; 1 tablespoonful margarine or bacon dripping ; 1 shallot or small onion (optional) ; a few outside leaves of lettuce or endive ; 1½ pints stock or vegetable water ; 1 teaspoonful sugar ; salt and pepper.

Wash and scrape the carrots and slice thinly. Make the fat hot in the soup-pan and add the carrots, celery, the shallot (finely chopped) and the lettuce leaves. Cook slowly until the vegetables are tender and lightly coloured. Add stock and simmer ten minutes before putting through a sieve. Reheat, and add seasoning and sugar.

Spinach Soup. ½ lb. spinach ; 2 tablespoonfuls flour ; 2 oz. margarine ; 1 quart water or vegetable water ; 1 teaspoonful vegetable extract (optional) ; nutmeg ; salt and pepper.

Wash the spinach, shake it in a cloth or salad basket, and put in a saucepan with salt but no water. Bring slowly to the boil and simmer twenty minutes. Press through a sieve, saving the liquid.

Melt the margarine in the empty saucepan, add flour and stir smoothly till thoroughly blended and golden brown. Put in the spinach and the liquid in which it was cooked. Stir, and add the quart of water, still stirring. Add pepper, salt and a grating of nutmeg. Just before serving, stir in the vegetable extract.

Country Soup. 3 potatoes ; 2 carrots ; 1 leek ; 2 sticks celery ; 1 tablespoonful grated cheese ; 1 tablespoonful fat ; 2 pints water or vegetable water ; ¼ pint milk ; 1 oz. flour ; salt and pepper ; chopped parsley.

Clean and cut up the vegetables. Make the pot hot in the saucepan and fry them lightly. Add water, bring to the boil, and simmer for three-quarters of an hour. Blend flour with a little cold milk and add this and the rest of the milk to the soup, stirring well. Season, and just before serving scatter in the parsley and the grated cheese.

Mary Young's Purchase Tactics

I know I go on, rather, on the subject of stockings, but I make no apology for such harping, since it seems to me that clothes rationing has brought them to the top of the list of our minor wartime problems and irritations. This month, I helpfully suggest rummaging among all those odd stockings you have accumulated, in spite of good resolutions to buy only one shade, and dyeing them all to the same, fairly dark, colour.

I have found a stocking dye for this trick, which is mixed with cold water, made in a good range of shades, and costs 2d. Still harping slightly, I commend to your notice a darning mushroom with a transparent top. This lights up inside, so that there is no excuse for going wrong with your over-and-under. It can be used as a torch, too; 7s. 6d.

Here's a find for house-proud lasses who object to the way that the ordinary expanding curtain rod, useful though it is, tends to tear lace or net or ninon curtains. There's a new kind on the market, made of white rubber. Expands on just the same principle, but being smooth as smooth, cannot do any damage. Prices range from 5d. to 1s. 8d., according to the size of window to be fitted.

"Dirty flesh" is the official army term for having grubby hands and finger nails, and how difficult it is not to have dirty flesh, in these days of extra housework, gardening, canteen work and A.R.P. chores. In the army, they swear by a special kind of soap for producing hands clean enough to get by the eagle eye of inspecting colonels. It costs 6d. a tablet, whips off the most stubborn stains in no time, and leaves hands pleasantly soft.

Talking of keeping clean, have you seen the new liquid face soap? It is beautifully bland and gentle, and easier to carry around than a messy cake of soap. Price 2s. 6d. a bottle, or 9d. for a trial size.

A medicated ointment for clearing acne, blackheads and open pores is my most hip-hooraying find of the month. Used in conjunction with a special herbal lotion for refining the skin, it really does produce the most exciting results. The inventors pride themselves on curing cases so bad that their owners had resigned themselves to the misery of incurably bad skin. The same people make excellent liquid cleansers, too, in three grades for normal, dry and greasy skins. The ointment costs 2s., the lotion 4s. 6d. for a large bottle; the cleansers range from 1s. 3d. upwards.

Worn and footsore, I have at last discovered a shop where handbags can be mended. They won't re-line them, but will do all the other odd jobs necessary to pull an old favourite together—and with handbags at their present price, this is surely a matter for sighs of relief. They will furbish up leather, mend frames, replace mirrors, etc., and charges are extremely moderate.

Another good trick of theirs is to re-condition hair brushes, or any other sort of brush. Silver, ivory, shagreen, tortoiseshell, enamel—it doesn't matter what the brush is made of, they will repair it with the most exquisite workmanship, and re-bristle it. The cost of this is about 25s.

With members of the family going into the Services, and whole households being evacuated to improbable and uncomfortable country billets, there has never been a time when the problem of storing clothes and other belongings loomed quite so large.

Demon moth, always ready to rear its ugly head, must be kept away at all costs in these days of coupons and scarcities, so don't make the mistake of imagining that the little pests only thrive in summer. They'll pounce at any time, but not if you hang sachets and fill pockets with a special kind of crystal which is death to moths, without having any of the unpleasant characteristics of the old-fashioned mothball.

These crystals, which produce a heavier-than-air vapour, cost 2s. 9d. for a large tin.

If any of the subjects answer your current problems write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. I shall be happy to send further information.

Don't, darling

By Louisa Kay

It is a fact that most naughty children are made, not born. Of course, there are problem children and there are children with such an excess of vitality or curiosity that they get themselves described as "naughty," but on the whole, children begin good, and steadily deteriorate under the influence of correction.

Adults, as a rule, give children very little credit for perception, whereas the child is a perceptive animal and from a very early stage can read you like a book. That is why one has to be so discriminating about correction.

Children obey the people they respect and trust. They also obey the ones they fear, but only when the object of their fear is looking.

To earn his respect, and with it his obedience, you must first convince your child that your demands are reasonable and fair. Not all parental requirements are so. Far from it.

Trust is implicit in the knowledge that you are not fooling him, not just throwing your weight about (which adults so frequently do) and that your warnings have some basis in reality.

Did you hear me darling?

For many children, life is one perpetual stream of corrections. Careless, fruitless corrections. No wonder they finally treat them with contempt.

In the first place they are probably called upon to do things that are almost physically impossible at their age. "*Don't make a noise*"; "*Don't fidget*"; "*Don't ask questions.*" With every awakening impulse clamouring to do just these things, they are naturally conscious of frustration when perpetually admonished for them.

This is not to say that children cannot be taught control and consideration for the comfort of others. They can and must be, and here is where the subtleties of correction begin to show themselves.

Children must let off steam. They must shout and play. They must ask questions and they must spend their abounding vitality. If you try to stop them altogether there will be rebellion. What you do is to give them a full outlet for their vitality at the proper time.

Men, as a rule, have more success in getting obedience from children than women. Hence the "I'll tell your father" slogan. The reason is that men are more direct, more convincing and often far more reasonable. When he is forbidden to do something by his father, the child obeys, because he knows without doubt that if he doesn't, the threat of punishment will be fulfilled. Not so with mother.

All day long her insistent voice is following him around. "*Don't, darling.*" Don't what? Often enough he is never really clear what it is she wants him not to do. "*If you don't stop I shall smack you.*" That's an easy one, too. He knows very well that the same threat has been brought out of the hat a hundred times already and never once materialised.

It is a safe bet it won't this time, either. He goes on doing whatever it is he is doing. The habit of disobedience is established, and why not? Can anybody expect serious response from such fiddling treatment?

Bribery and blackmail also figure quite prominently in the average programme of correction. "You shall have something nice for tea if you do what I ask you." What child wouldn't laugh up his sleeve at that sort of treatment?

It is just as foolish to expect obedience from a child who is asked to do something which you consistently fail to do yourself.

Don't ask so many questions

You frown upon displays of temper in him, but you fail to restrain your own. You tell him not to do this and that, but you continue to do it yourself. How can you expect confidence, and without confidence how can you demand obedience?

You can't lie to children in the attempt to cajole them into obedience. You can't even practice harmless deceptions continuously without being found out. When you are found out, your authority is impaired.

Don't do that again

Absolute honesty and consistency in handling children is too much to expect from any one, we have our own weaknesses, but it is vital to impress them with the conviction that you mean what you say; that you are fair and reasonable in your judgments and that you don't say one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow. If you make rules, you must stick to them yourself.

Children don't reason, they are intuitive in their judgments, but they do judge.

Try to put yourself in the place of a child who is perpetually nagged. You know yourself how nerve racking it can be to have somebody around who never stops complaining. You react according to your temperament. If you are one kind of person you are inclined to persist in your own way, to take up a stubborn attitude. If you are another you just disregard the nagger entirely. In any case you resent her. This, roughly, is what happens to the children who are the victims of a chiding mother.

Without consciously reasoning the matter out, they arrive at a certain conclusion about the people in authority. If that conclusion is reassuring then obedience follows naturally. If not, then the sequel is war.

It is very easy to fall into the error of thinking that children accept everything you do and say as gospel, but we should disabuse ourselves of this fiction, children easily see through us. There is an equal danger of crediting them with too much complexity. The modern notion tends towards that assumption, whereas the normal healthy, happy child is not such a muddle of intricate reactions. At least, not until the wrong handling has made him so.

Only at the beginning does your baby have complete and unquestioning faith in you. At the start you are his world and his authority in all things. His dawning consciousness will either confirm or shatter the belief. Either way, it is up to you.

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T.6

COUNTER-ATTRACT

Dark or fair, husband, fiancé or special interest—the man in your life is constantly being dragged away from you and imprisoned in interests other than you. The enemy may be a blonde, an allotment, his army life, his warden life or his mother—if the breach between you is widened too greatly by the enemy's activities you must take action; use your brains, become a strategist and counter-attract.

An allotment can steal even a husband from his home, night, morning and week-ends. If your man spends every spare moment in his garden there is only one course open to you—fifth column work.

You must assume the role of feminine gardening fan. Take an interest in his garden, offer to help him. Learn to enthuse about the size of his lettuces, his carrots and his onions. Learn as many botanical names and practical gardening hints as you can, study the seed merchant's windows and Carter's catalogues.

If you do not know the right thing to say be silent. Never try the adorable little ignoramus role—it is passé. Of course, the New Order may be rather a twist-about—you may end your days as a real gardening enthusiast, but what matters? You'll have endless happy hours together.

If he is a warden and the first aid post has a blonde, there is no need to sourly imagine he has never seen a blonde before, even in a tin hat. There is the chance that he hasn't had to sit through unnaturally bright nights sharing dangers and dodging disasters with a blonde, but if you are doing as much towards the war effort as the blonde you should feel sure of holding him. If you are expending all your energies in keeping yourself on an even keel then you are set for defeat, whether he is your husband, fiancé or fancy. He is most likely romantic, overwhelmed at the thought of the brave little woman at his side. So look to your guns, put on your tin hat, and get in the front line with him, or whatever line he is in—if it is humanly possible.

If you are in uniform and your special interest is beleaguered by a vision in furs and softness, you will have to look to your propaganda and do a little verbal sabotage. Don't be indiscreet about it, be subtle. Don't deride visions, just deride silks and sables and shirkers. Be as just as you know how in your criticisms and make the object of them some other woman whom he does not know, but let every word ring the vision's invasion warning.

Clever propaganda starts people thinking—and once he starts thinking along the lines you want, the furs and fashions will do the rest.

Do not be an amazon. Little tin gods—and he should be yours—don't like iron women. And remember that there are two ways of wearing a uniform—wear yours smartly, with polish and pressing.

If he is in uniform somewhere in England, whether you have children, a job, or the jitters, make the supreme effort and spend every possible moment of his leaves with him. Be soft, feminine and adoring; it won't be difficult, because he'll be your hero. Let him do what he wants. Don't you give a single order—he gets enough of those in the army no matter what his rank. It may be difficult financially, or even geographically for you to meet, but try and arrange a half-way house if he is too far away. Economise in energy and money between leaves so that you have the resources for this forced march when the time comes. You'll catch him off his guard, in his best holiday mood of relaxation and he'll be yours again for all his dreams of the past and hopes for the future.

Odd hobbies that bury a man in books, send him on week-end excursions and keep him up at nights are almost a thing of the past now—but if you have any of these things to cope with you must take an entirely new angle from now on.

No more ignorance; women are taking their place beside men now and will continue to do so. If you want to stay in the easy slip-shod role of an inferior mentality female you will have to take the consequences. You are just as capable

as your husband of knowing all about his hobby, helping him with it, finding out new, intriguing angles so that instead of sitting reading by the fire all night, he will sit talking, arguing and discussing it with you.

Instead of having a one- or two-sided contact—as so many husbands and wives strangely have—you will meet in interest at every point. His interest will be yours, and—if yours is something more interesting than the behaviour of the woman next door—your interest will certainly be his.

Be intelligent, read, and know your world; then, if you do not like his hobby you will be clever enough to wean him gradually to a more interesting one. It takes brains, but most women have brains if only they will start to use them.

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10 Minutes For Beauty

The present period in our existence is, or should be, one of ant-like activity—every minute numbered for its achievement value. So we give you a week's beauty routine—ten minutes night and morning—taking into consideration hands and hair, feet and face. This does not includ the regular toilet routines that should be second nature. We do not allow for double chins that must be slapped away, hips that must be rolled away, hair set in salon styles, glamour-girl make-ups and individual problems. Here is merely a basic routine, that should keep the average woman looking her own natural best.

Monday

Morning. 3 mins.: Brisk hair brushing (you can get a good 250 or more strokes, 100 of them from nap to crown with head held down). 1 min.: Work a film of skinfood into your face, spreading it on with your fingertips. If you are going to have a bath, so much the better, do this before your bath. If not, do it before hair brushing, and the beginnings of your toilet. 1 min.: If you are in a locality where the water is soft and if you believe in face washing, wash your face with fairly hot water and Cyclax Soap for a dry or greasy skin—Cuticura or Sulphur Soap for an acne or spotty skin. Splash with cold water. If you do not believe in face washing—wipe off the skinfood with a tissue or towel and then slap your face with a thin pad of cotton wool sprinkled with skin tonic or astringent. 2 mins.: Bathe your eyes with Optrex, Viso from Boots, or a solution of boracic powder and warm water—dependent on what you can get. A supply of boracic solution can be made up and kept in a bottle ready for use, if you cannot get the above eye lotions. 3 mins.: Make-up. Cyclax foundation (Arden's Acne Lotion if you suffer with spots or blackheads) or what you can get. Powder. Lipstick. Brush lashes with old mascara brush dipped in vaseline.

Night. 2 mins.: Cleanse face and neck with Ejyra Cleansing Lotion. 5 mins.: Emery-board finger nails, file toe nails. 3 mins.: Massage scalp.

Tuesday

Morning. 3 mins.: Hair (this is an every-morning habit). 2 mins.: Skinfood the face before bath or toilet as Monday morning; remove skinfood and then slap face with pad of cotton wool, soaked in skin tonic or astringent (skin tonic for dry skins and astringent for greasy skins). 2 mins.: Slap neck with same pad sprinkled with astringent or skin tonic. 3 mins.: Make-up.

Night. 3 mins.: Cleanse face and neck with lemon or peroxide cleansing cream (slightly bleaching properties). Wipe off all surplus, but leave a little on. 2 mins.: Apply skinfood on any specially dry or wrinkled places, neck, etc. Apply astringent eye cream around eyes. 2 mins.: Massage oil into feet, toes and finger nails. Vaseline if you cannot get oil. 3 mins.: Massage scalp.

Wednesday

Morning. 3 mins.: Brush hair. 2 mins.: Face as every morning. 2 mins.: Bathe eyes. 3 mins.: Make-up.

Night. 2 mins.: Cleanse face and neck with Ejyra Lotion. 2 mins.: Massage Ejyra Skinfood into face and neck. 3 mins.: Massage cuticle cream into finger and toe nails, or brush with solution of peroxide and water. 3 mins.: Massage scalp with Vitality Hair Lotion from Ejyra.

Thursday

Morning. 3 mins.: Hair drill. 2 mins.: Skinfood and face tonic. 2 mins.: Bathe eyes. 3 mins.: Make-up.

Night. 2 mins.: Cleanse face with bleaching cleansing cream, leave a little on. 5 mins.: Tidy eyebrows. 3 mins.: Massage scalp.

Friday

Morning. 3 mins.: Hair drill. 2 mins.: Skinfood and face tonic. 2 mins.: Bathe eyes. 3 mins.: Make-up.

Night. 3 mins.: Massage scalp with Vitality Hair Lotion. 2 mins.: Cleanse face with Ejyra Lotion. 2 mins.: Massage skinfood well into face and neck. 3 mins.: Massage oil into hands, feet and toe and finger nails.

Saturday

Morning. 3 mins.: Brush hair. 2 mins.: Face as every day. 2 mins.: Bathe eyes. 3 mins.: Make-up.

Night. This is a night off except for the cleaning off of make-up with Ejyra Lotion.

Sunday

Morning. 3 mins.: Brush hair. 2 mins.: Face as every morning. 2 mins.: Bathe eyes. 3 mins.: Make-up.

Night. 3 mins.: Massage scalp with lotion. 2 mins.: Cleanse face and neck with lotion. 2 mins.: Massage skinfood into face and neck. 3 mins.: Deodorant—this is always more effective if used immediately after a hot bath. If you cannot get deodorant, shave and powder with boracic powder.

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Fashion News by Wolsey

Front-Line Cinderella (*Continued from page 17*)

this girl sees the blitz through, as I said, on the surface. So that in the spring of 1941 it's natural enough she should be thinking it's about time others did a bit—daily she walks in streets thronged with endless healthy young females who've done nothing at all. Then these young females are invited to register and, of course, not one in a hundred thousand "selects" the inelegant, risky and underpaid ambulance service. So what happens?

The women who came forward when everything was yet a ghastly unknown number, who drove and rescued in the Blitz and who were now perhaps tired, these women were told—against their contracts—that they had to go on driving to the end. The while Betty and Pamela sniffed at this and sniffed at that and, finally, as events were to show, contrived to dodge all war work. Most of them, anyway.

As Front-Line Cinderella thinks: Why not round up some of those Gin and Its who drive cars in the Isle of Man or Maidenhead and push them into our place for a change?

Perhaps it's time the Ministry of Information put out a film on Front-Line Cinderella, seeing they've done as much for about every other woman in uniform. It might or might not draw recruits. The *décor* would scarcely be alluring. Social amenities would show up as slight. You'd get no glowing presentation of women at war such as I've seen screened more than once lately—as if it were all a smiling, health-producing, character-building adventure based on glamorous work, followed by relaxing in comfort, with men galore champing for the privilege of acting as dance escorts.

Too many of London's women ambulance drivers go home to minor digs, when they're not married women striving to meet rising costs by earning that extra nine or ten pounds a month that full-time service brings. As for part-timers, who are paid nothing, these may be working during the day as secretaries, bank clerks, typists, and shop girls: at night they're only too glad of a piece of rest when the blitz isn't on. Of course there's a more fortunately placed element in the service, but it's not large. The great majority will not earn more than £2 7s. a week for their forty-eight hours work which is taken in shifts. Compare this with some of the fantastic wages being paid to ill-disciplined, indispensable boys.

The popular women's time is eight hours when on the day shift and sixteen hours on alternate nights when on the night shift. An advantage is that more time off can be—quite legitimately—contrived than in most other uniformed jobs, though there freely arises the problem of fitting one's funds to the time off. In London that's not easy, and by the way, the bulk of what I've been writing stands for the blitzed provincial centres too.

Greater London, with its eight million population, is divided into six divisions which in turn are sub-divided into about 120 stations—that chilly May day the Queen spoke to a representative from each. The "hotter" districts have the most stations. The number of men and women on duty at each station may be anything from thirty to fifty, but full strength is a forgotten dream. Some stations are closing down "for economic reasons." Others, because the quarters have been condemned as unsafe. "There's little enticing about our quarters," reports my Front-Line Cinderella. "They vary between converted warehouses, rooms over shops, and screened-off sections of the garages themselves. Some quarters are completely underground. We consider ourselves very lucky if we have a house or flat adjoining the garage. Few comfortable chairs, and such as exist are usually the gift of some generous member of the staff. One can sleep in bunks or on stretchers, but most of us bring our own bedding. Small consideration was shown for the comfort of personnel when premises were originally taken over, the primary concern having been housing of the vehicles. There's a shelter at each station into which records and the phone are removed during a heavy raid, but thank goodness we don't have to remove ourselves any longer unless it gets really grim. Merciful change from former times when we were made to stand by in an appalling dug-out fug for hours on end, and nothing ever happened!

I asked what happened now on an average shift when there's no alert.

"Well, don't forget we've got our routine work! We've got to look after ourselves, keep everything clean and tidy besides our vehicles. In addition to the garage there's office work to be done and picketing, and canteen duties. We run our own canteens and get about a three bob weekly allowance with which one meal per duty spell can be obtained—meat and two veg. and a sweet. Then there are lectures to be attended. We have to know gas treatment and first aid and fire extinguishing, besides knowing about a car. The interior of our ambulances tells that, for among stretchers and blankets you'll find gas suits and rubber boots, first aid kit, sand bag and fire extinguisher. Well, where were we . . .

"Oh, yes. We mustn't overlook the vehicles themselves! We have to keep these up to the mark and glistening. Usually seven ambulances and five cars go to a station, most of them converted English and American touring cars and a welcome change from the ex-furniture vans of yore—although in those days we used to go out on cushy jobs, chauffeuring officials round London, doing practice runs, and group concentrations, and enacting mock raid "incidents." Apart from most of us having since experienced the real thing there's now a stringent petrol cut-down.

"The effect is that we have more time on our hands than formerly and recreation facilities are not so good."

In eight months the L.A.A.S. and its river companion handled many thousands of casualties. The two services join forces when ambulances go alongside the quay to take off casualties to hospital. An ambulance ship is a floating hospital in miniature. All available space is utilised as cupboards for surgical dressings and medical supplies. Padded splints are ready. Thirty stretcher cases can be attended to in the saloon-cum-ward, and in mild weather fifteen more on deck, plus walking cases.

For eighty miles between the Nore and Teddington, along the docks, wharves, business premises and residential areas, this Service stands by at all times to help on ships and barges and when casualties occur along the banks. Six ex-pleasure steamers which used to ply up and down the Thames carrying hundreds of sightseers every summer, and one sea-going vessel, the *Essex Queen*, and two contact launches operating between shore and ambulance ship, constitute the "fleet."

However, the nurses and auxiliaries of London River lead a quite different wartime existence to that of shore ambulance workers. Roughly a hundred strong, they are nautically segregated even to billets near the waterfront. Also, they've got real uniforms.

I hope I haven't built too wan a tale of Front-Line Cinderella. But I thought someone should edge her on to the stage these ballyhoo times, especially when our masters solemnly proclaim national service for women and then compel the few who volunteered long ago to continue on the job while the vast majority of those who register in dizzy numbers, Mr. Bevin's Young Ladies, refuse to be coaxed and are ne'er again heard from. I can understand the reaction of the ambulance girl who, returning home one morning tired and weary after a bad raid, was accosted by a passer-by.

"L—A—A—S," spelt out the inquisitive one. "Are you on the land?"

"No," came back Cinders, "I'm on the streets."

END

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

WHY blame the retailer? It is not his fault that the needs of the Government and Britain's overseas customers come before those of the home market. But ... hush ... perhaps it was that FIVE TO ONE suggestion on Britain's victory which so raised his ire ...

SMITH SECTRIC CLOCKS

plug in to Greenwich time

• NO WINDING • NO REGULATING •

Issued by: SMITH'S ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD. Cricklewood Works, London, N.W.2

Cuticura
BRAND
OINTMENT
for Baby's delicate skin
For clean, safe healing of all Baby's skin troubles, for sure protection against septic germs there's nothing more reliable than Cuticura Ointment. Keep a tin handy to free Baby from chafing, irritation or any little skin outbreak.
Of all Chemists and Stores.
200

Dockland

(*Continued from page 8*)

comparable with that of the dwellers in mean streets. It is instinctively pathetic maybe, but magnificent; it is a love that permits no surrender short of wholesale destruction, even death itself. And therein is the grand secret of the triumphs won against stupendous odds in the Canning Town I recently visited; no greater conquest than that of which the Dockland Settlement tells.

I feared that if the Settlement had not been entirely wrecked it had been so damaged as to be out of action. I rejoiced to find that although sadly chipped and scorched by showers of incendiaries, it stood proudly, defiantly as a beacon in a world of woe, its full-sailed ship symbolic. When I was first drawn to the Settlement it was in its beginnings, and so tucked away from the broad highway that it was hard to find. It had a tumbledownness in keeping with a neighbourhood where the grind of poverty was incessant; an impelling something that allowed of no mistake; it was for the people of Dockland, their very own. No humbug; and so it was that whatever the shyness to accept it was killed.

It has grown enormously since Sir Kennedy Cox, its creator and warden until recent times, when he was succeeded into that office by Major Ben Tinton, began with nothing more promising than a few unwanted, decrepit houses. From its inception it has cut with the certainty of a giant buzz-saw into the very heart of things; it is of the country's blood-red universities, its doors ever wide open, an unexampled social, recreational, educational centre, home from home all rolled into one. Membership is the hall mark of worthiness.

Its boys are boy men; born fighters, two-fisted, straight punchers, in their element when once a year they do battle in championships of the Federation of Working Boys' Clubs. For then it is toe to toe, the devil free to take the hindmost.

They are now in the Navy, Army or Royal Air Force as a matter of course, or employed in some vital war job.

The various clubs, which are a paramount feature of the Settlement were kept going until the year ago blitz, when all around and about was so broken and battered that it became impossible to cope adequately with casualties beyond rendering first aid and offering food and make-shift shelter. A sadly depleted staff, with death at their elbow, shepherded bombed-out families and fed and clothed and comforted them. As many as possible were got away through official channels. A goodly number of old, infirm, women and children, remained to be disposed of.

As manna from heaven came an offer to Major Tinton of a large camp at Nazeing, Essex, and to it more than a hundred hopelessly stranded people were transported; all who were left of the Settlement's family. And they are being cared for by the wife of Major Tinton and her self-sacrificing helpers.

With the establishment of the camp there was no end to what was required to be done. Part of the Settlement was made to serve as an emergency mortuary, for deaths were many. And all the time streams of folk came for shelter. Wonders in improvisation were performed. Existing shelters were strengthened, sleeping bunks set up, kitchens built and operated until the coming of mobile canteens.

To members of the Settlement, whether serving with the Forces or evacuated from the district, a weekly bulletin or letter of what is happening "in the old place" is sent. No contacts are lost.

A more recent development is the establishment by the Ministry of Health of a hostel to accommodate thirty working boys whose parents have been moved to new homes. There is a residence for husbands whose families have been sent into the country, the expense being borne by the London Hostels Association.

It would require infinitely more space than can be spared to reproduce a catalogue of all that the Dockland Settlement has done and is doing to alleviate distress and suffering: it stands at the ready to meet and grapple with any emergency.

With a priceless understanding, mothers old and young who have been uprooted and settled in outlying districts until they are free to return to a recreated and an appreciably more desirable Canning Town—hopes of a Garden City have already been conjured up—are invited to come to "The Club" for a tea and the unburdening of the soul and to be assured that they have not been forgotten by their old friends who sweat and toil in the backwaters of a cruelly punished London.

I salute the Dockland Settlement. Its ship and crew who are now so nobly and surely riding the tempestuous seas of the life wrought by war of unparalleled ferocity. I share their belief in a brighter, a better to-morrow when birth will be given to an unassailable Democracy.

END

Spotlight on Service
W.R.N.S.
Kolynos, the password to whiter and brighter teeth, renders a service to the Services—and to you too!
Sold everywhere in 3 standard sizes
KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM
The Economical Tooth Paste

British History in Stone

(*Continued from page 5*)

Kitchener had had two years start, instead of a handicap of three days? Why was he not made War Lord in 1910? But the Liberal Government was not riding easily. It needed declaration of war to stir it into activity.

Kitchener buckled down to the task without delay. He made two prophecies that are worthy of remembrance. One was scoffed at: that the war might last four years. He planned a New Army of seventy divisions to be at its maximum strength by the third year of the great conflict. He might not know the mind of the man-in-the-street (or, worse it was to prove, the mind of the man-in-the-factory), but he did know something of the art of war.

The second prophecy was made to Joffre. "You are making all your calculations on Russia being in the war to the end. I am making mine on her being out in six months." He was more than right. Russia was really out after her shattering defeat at Tannenberg in the very first autumn of the struggle.

His was the "First Hundred Thousand" and the hundreds of thousands afterwards. But Kitchener could not bend the War Office to his will as he could the sentiments of Britain's man power. Not for the first time, the War Office proved an insurmountable bastion, pigeon-holing here and obstructing there, until the scandal broke out in a great shortage of shells and armaments. Kitchener, in fact, had been thrown into his tremendous task too late. He had no political suavity to ease his Cabinet meetings.

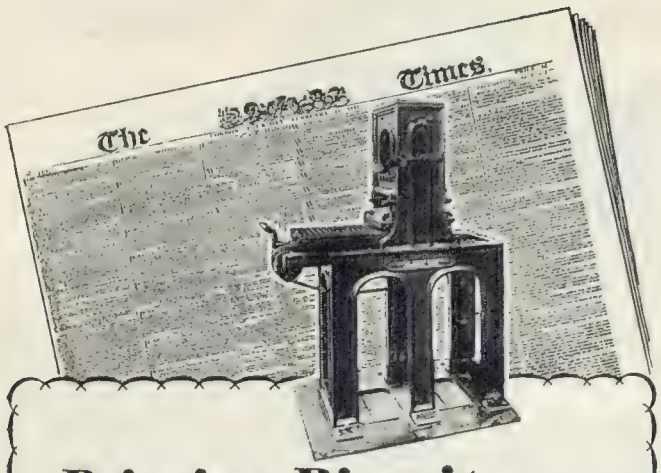
Politicians he despised; now he was forced to work with them around a table; then cross the street and work in an office of whose ramifications he was unfamiliar.

So gradually Kitchener was sidetracked and business men buckled down to the task of providing munitions. He was induced to go and "inspect" the possibilities of an evacuation at Gallipoli. And then it was suggested that he should go to Russia and see for himself whether practical aid could be given to the faltering ally of the steppes.

The *Hampshire* sailed, but the seas on this May evening grew high, and the destroyer escort was forced to turn back. The cruiser went to her doom, for during the night she struck a mine and was sunk with nearly all hands. Only a few survivors, clinging to a raft, escaped to tell of the great soldier, dressed in a greatcoat, making his way up the slanting steel stairs to the deck. His actual moment of death will never be known; but the tragic splendour of those last minutes on the icy waters of the Atlantic will live.

"I have no fear of not winning this war," he said a few days before he died. "I fear only that we may not make a good peace."

END



Printing Biscuits...

Back in 1831, when Mr. Carr invented the first biscuit-making machine, he drew his inspiration from the printing press. He actually "printed" biscuits on a sheet of dough.

To-day, in Carr's great biscuit works the biscuits are still "printed" and baked on modern machines at the rate of 2,000 a minute.

Made for those who still prefer the very best.

CARR'S TABLE WATER BISCUITS

Crisp, Light, Nourishing and Delicious

Carr's of Carlisle — INVENTORS OF BISCUIT MAKING — 1831

MADE ONLY BY

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To Liberty Shoes Ltd., Leicester—Please send free illustrated folder of Liberty Shoes.

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Address_____

B.E.2 — 1d. stamp, tucked-in flap.

DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS

LIBERTY SHOES LTD. - LEICESTER

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But in 1914...

THIS magnificently ornate pendant in "rich gilt colour brass" was the last word in G.E.C. lighting fittings for the smart drawing-room of 1914. But designs change. Lighting methods improve. Science never stands still. The G.E.C., pioneers in everything electrical for the home, continued to progress during the last war. In this war, also, the G.E.C. is helping to fashion the "shape of things to come."

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FOR FEMININE HYGIENE PRODUCTS
APPROVED BY DOCTORS ★ SOLD BY CHEMISTS

The Planes Must Get Through

(*Continued from page 12*)

transport. Once again the stress of war was changing the pattern of future civil transport.

Happy Larsen had no such romantic thoughts. He was figuring what this increased pace of crossing would mean to his bank account. There had been talk at breakfast that the pilots would soon be making the return journey by a stratosphere service instead of the long steamship voyage.

Captain Mason was speaking through the interplane radio gathering his flotilla into formation. That done he set "George," otherwise the automatic pilot, and with a sigh of relief he pushed the lever putting it into action.

"There," he said. "Let George do it. What about a spot of hot soup?"

It seemed a good idea, although breakfast was only an hour or so behind them. The cabins were warmed, but at the height they were flying it was hard to keep the cold at bay. The rations for each man were put up separately, so that each could help himself as and when he pleased, to hot soup, sandwiches or chocolate.

Then the hard work began, work which occupied the three-man crew from the beginning to the end of the flight.

A star-sight was taken before the darkness dissipated. The flight log was kept with a running record of engine revolutions, temperatures, oil pressures, rate of fuel consumption. Heights and air temperatures were recorded. Time passed with an endless calculating and noting.

Occasionally there was an interval for nibbling and the relaxation of gossip. Happy found time to tell Captain Mason about a place he knew in California. It appears that there was a little gas station on the coast road south of Los Angeles, not a very romantic idea until you saw the gas station. Apparently it overlooked the Pacific and there was a little house, Spanish style, with a fruit orchard behind. Not much traffic until around noon and you could run up into the hills in the car and with the right kind of person in the car, there wasn't anything remotely resembling it on this side of Paradise.

"Any one in mind to share it?" asked Captain Mason with a smile.

"She's driving an ambulance over there," said Happy. "And I don't like it. Too many soldiers around with nothing to do but date girls. She's got some silly idea that it looks wrong for a girl in uniform to go places with a guy in civilian clothes."

Time droned on with a curious sense of unimportance. A cold sun came over the horizon and began to climb high into the heavens. Great patches of cloud stood still beneath them as they passed and between the clouds were great expanses of sea, turbulent enough, no doubt, but from the air like a flat unmoving carpet of blue.

The wireless officer was intent on his earphones, scribbling from time to time. Suddenly he jerked into a keener alertness. He wrote swiftly on his pad, tore off the sheet and passed it to the captain. The captain passed it to Happy.

"Urgent. Ship's lifeboat with survivors reported practically on your course. Sweep area 25 deg. to 34 deg. west, at discretion. If sighted, examine and report."

"Simple enough," said Happy' Then he saw the captain was frowning slightly.

"Unusual," he said.

"They figured we could take it in our stride and that we were on the spot anyway," said Happy.

"Maybe," said the captain. He spoke into the interplane radio. It was not long before the area designated in the message was reached and the planes fanned into line at half-mile intervals and dipped below the broken ceiling to a thousand feet above the sea.

Miles sped under them and then one of the planes reported a steamship ahead.

Captain Mason ordered all planes to resume formation and regain former altitude, Captain James leading.

Captain Mason dropped his plane gracefully as a bird with a long sweeping dive towards the smudge of smoke that rapidly took size and shape.

"Ten thousand tonner."

"Shouldn't be there," said Captain Mason. "Out of convoy."

"That why you sent the other planes up?"

"Just in case," said the captain. "Tell her to stand by, Sparks, in case we spot the lifeboat."

It was then that Happy yelled a sudden warning. In the one brief moment as they came low over the ship he saw a tarpaulin flung off by men on the bridge deck and the sudden spurt of fire from a multiple machine gun.

With a quick reaction to Happy's shout, Captain Mason flung the plane into a swift steep climb. It roared with rushing acceleration towards the clouds.

They could hear nothing over the roar of their own engines as they swept through into the safety of the clouds and in pursuit of the flotilla ahead.

"Whew!" said Happy as the reaction from the tension set in. "That was close. Might have lost my gas station for ever."

"Sorry Happy," said Captain Mason quietly.

"I thought you people didn't take risks."

"We don't, but we did then. Check our position."

"Sparks send a message that the lifeboat report is a possible trap by ship probably a raider. Give the position, the Navy will be interested. Happy, check for damage if any."

"Do you smell what I smell?" said Happy with a sudden seriousness.

"Petrol," said Captain Wilcox. "Check spare tanks in the wings." His voice had taken a hard clipped quality.

"It's gas all right," said Happy. He slipped off his seat. A moment later he was back.

"Gas feed pipe from the spare tanks. Bad leak pouring past the port engine exhaust."

"My God!" muttered Captain Mason. "Take over, Happy."

The faces of the three men in the plane were serious. Their fate hung in the balance of chance. A spark, a flash back and the wing would be a flaming torch, and with it in another few seconds, the whole plane.

"Take over," said Captain Mason.

"Nuts!" said Happy, with sudden release into action.

"Come back," shouted Captain Mason, but Happy was already in the wing, crawling, twisting towards the broken pipe.

"All right, Sparks," said the captain. "Get the extinguishers."

The wireless officer knew what to do and did it without fuss. He crawled in as near as he could to Happy. He saw Larsen's feet. The rest of him was cramped into an impossible position into an impossible space. His clothes soaked up the spurting leak to keep it from the exhaust in the first seconds while he was twisting into position to figure out and make an adequate repair job. He grunted as cramped muscles and narrow space thwarted his attempt to hurry and soaked himself into a torch that one spark could flash into a sheet of flame knowing that if he could keep the gas from pouring past the exhaust there was that much more chance to save himself, the others and the plane.

The wireless officer waited with an extinguisher ready knowing how futile it would be if the worst should happen. Captain Mason sat grim-lipped at the controls. He spoke into the interplane radio.

"Captain James, Captain James. Mason speaking. Bullets through petrol feed pipe. Leaking over port engine exhaust. Take charge of flotilla if anything happens."

The tension grew almost unbearable as slow seconds ticked off the odds between fate and three men. The plane was a little world winging in suspense between sky and sea, and its crew tiny pinpoints of life in the centre of all eternity.

Then suddenly the (*Continued on page 57*)

Gallant and Gay

If yours is a border-line case of not knowing whether to buy on style or economy, we'd suggest you look at Cool-ees by Joyce This FRONTIER model, for example, has a grand eye-catching swagger about it. What you don't see is the amazing amount of hard wear it will give; Joyce has scored a strategical victory for those whose taste outruns their income.

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At leading stores and shoe shops.
For the name of your nearest agent write to:

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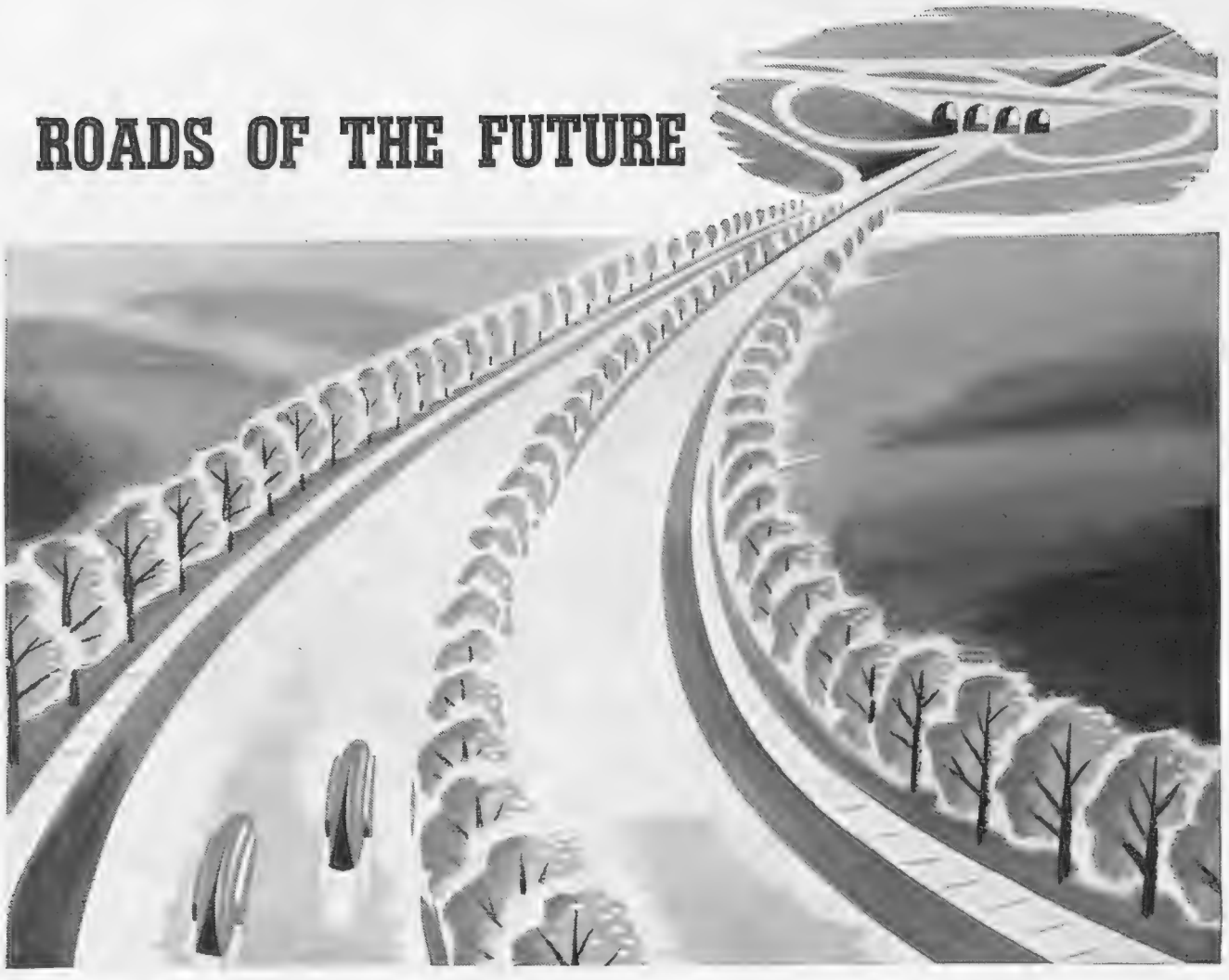
Joyce Shoes are in keen demand at home—and overseas. You know how things are these days, but be sure our very capable retailers will do their best for you.

ROADS OF THE FUTURE



"They shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks." And out of the factories where bombers and fighters are now made will stream motor cars by the hundred thousand.

As our present system of roads is admitted to be inadequate, even for current requirements, it is certain that one of the very first items on the agenda for reconstruction will be the building of new and better roads to accommodate the increased traffic that must be expected in the future.

A network of great highways will be constructed to link up our important cities and towns with the capital. The purpose of these trunk roads will be to speed a nation on wheels directly to its objective in the minimum of time with the maximum of safety but with due regard to the separate needs of different types of road user. It is not inconceivable that the petrol-driven car will be superseded by one controlled by radio. Aerials along the roadsides would provide the motive power with varying wavelengths for different destinations. Thus, if the first part of a journey is along radio road A.1, the car is tuned to the wavelength of that road, and if the ultimate destination is along the A.3 road, then the car is retuned to the new wavelength when branching off from A.1.

Our post-war main roads will connect us with distant friends and relations; they will open up new ways of enjoying our leisure; they will lead us to better health through recreation and to a keener appreciation of our fellow countrymen through more frequent and more widespread travel.

The roads of the future will give much happiness and a wider outlook to every man, woman and child, while upon these broad highways the whole life of the nation will expand. The roads of the future lead straight into the dawn of a New Age.

Pears

RENOWNED AS THE LEADING TOILET SOAP SINCE 1789

No. 5 of a series of advertisements issued by A. & F. Pears, Ltd., Isleworth, Middlesex.

TP/243/34

The Planes Must Get Through

wireless officer crawled back from the wing and, a minute later, Happy Larsen followed. The reek of evaporating petrol filled the cabin.

"O.K. Skipper," he said quietly.

Captain Mason said nothing for a moment. Praise or thanks were equally trivial in the face of the fate that had brushed by them for a fraction of time.

Then he spoke.

"I thought you wanted a gas station somewhere in California?" His voice implied how nearly Happy had missed that dream.

"The planes must get through safely!" There was a note of sarcasm in Happy's voice to dispel any suggestion that he had done anything out of the ordinary.

"What about some hot soup?" said the wireless officer.

"It's an idea," said Happy. The wireless officer poured him a cup of soup and in a few moments they were all nibbling. The tension had evaporated. None of them spoke of the incident. It needed time to soften the experience that each man in his own way had passed through. Words would come later when they were far enough away in time from the incident to make a joke of it.

Slowly they overhauled the flotilla and the plane took its place in the lead Everything was going according to the flight plan. At the end of each log the automatic pilots in all the planes were reset, and the continuous routine of checking fuel consumption and keeping the log went on without cease. Time slipped by to the rhythm of powerful engines. The sun climbed past in the south, the pattern of clouds below them changed in a dozen different ways. The minor cold front, long past, was only a bumpy memory of small consequence. Meteorologists had made their contribution with uncanny precision. Maintenance men a few thousand miles behind would have purred with pride at engine performance.

An endless fabric of infinite and varied detail meticulously planned and executed had funnelled into this great flotilla winging its way through this small channel of air in the midst of immense space.

The forecasted bank of cloud passed beneath them, a convoy plunged through a stiff sea, wireless instructions began to come through in code. Another milestone in transport history was being passed, another tradition was being hammered into shape by a group of those tough men who begin all new traditions. The pony express must get through, the trains must run on time, the planes must get through safely.

WHERE the flotilla landed and how, must not be told. But it can safely be told that Happy Larsen met a girl who was annoyed at being dated at such short notice when it was difficult enough to get leave from duty. She did not admit that she was secretly pleased to have a unique cable in her collection dating her for dinner on the same day that it was sent from the other side of the Atlantic.

She would have been happier if Happy had been more romantic. He merely shrugged his shoulders when she asked him to tell her about the flight. Just like any other flight, he said, only longer. Then he talked of how much it meant in dollars and a certain gas station.

The expression on Happy's face belied his name. He looked at the stubborn little jaw opposite him and realised he was not cutting much ice. If only he could find something to say. You couldn't very well tell a girl how the pants had been scared off you out in a wing in mid-Atlantic or how the orchard looked behind that little house overlooking the Pacific. She'd think you were getting soft.

The only thing to do was to keep on coming across as often as he could so that he could work on that stubborn jaw and soften it up. But how? Maybe there was a book about it, or maybe it just happened if you kept plugging at it.

Into Action (*Continued from page* 15)

here. He opened his mouth to ask for the engineer-commander but nothing came out as far as he was concerned, for his ears were full of other noises. Then he cupped his hands and spoke "very loud and clear" into the "senior's" ear.

"B boiler-room," bellowed that officer with a jerk of his thumb. The midshipman saluted and set out once more on his travels. Up in the lift once more and forward along the mess decks (more water-tight doors to negotiate) to another lobby labelled "B boiler-room fan flat." There was a different noise here—that of a mighty rushing wind, for the fans were pumping thousands of cubic-feet of air into the boiler-rooms so that, by building up a pressure a draught would be forced through the furnaces and up the funnels. It was, therefore, necessary to get to the boiler-room through an air-lock which prevented the leakage of pressure when the access-doors were opened. He successfully manipulated the heavy doors with their interlocking fastenings and once more took himself below in a lift. "B" boiler-room was not so polished and well lit as the engine-room, although to one who has seen the old coal-fired boiler-rooms it would seem a miracle of cleanliness. The effect of the reduced lighting was to cast shadows and give the impression of great vaulted caverns into which the upper parts of the boilers merged in impenetrable darkness. There was noise here but not so much—the steady rushing of steam and the rattle and whine of the feed pumps—a melancholy sound. In the distant half-light a party of men were clustered under the supervision of several officers and the chief himself clad in white overalls. They were all very busy trying to cure a defective valve gland which spurted dangerously, but the chief had time for everything.

"What's going on up top?" he asked, after he had received the commander's message, and as he spoke the boiler-room telegraph clanged demanding "more steam"—speed had been increased. The chief grinned and waved the midshipman away. "That's full speed for us," he shouted; "tell the commander he'll have to paint the funnels by the time we've worked another knot out of her!" Then he turned and went about his business again.

It was strangely quiet and spacious up on the mess decks when the midshipman came up once more from the depths, and he registered a feeling of admiration for those men below who knew their job so well and seemed to find nothing disconcerting in their awe-inspiring surroundings.

He returned to the commander's side and resumed that fidgety occupation of waiting for something to happen.

In many other parts of the ship there were others who waited and worked. Down in the torpedo flats, whose bulkheads were lined to the scantlings with the most perfect weapons devised by man, the tubes' crews were busily placing the torpedoes in their waiting positions, so that when the order to fire was given a steady stream of them would be ejected at the closest possible intervals. The coolness and austerity of these surroundings were in strange contrast to an adjoining compartment crowded with men and fœtid with the breath and smell of humanity. This was the transmitting station—the brain of the gunnery organisation where, seated on piano stools, dozens of men worked handles, repeated orders and operated an enormous fire control table. It was this machine, the product of the best gunnery brains of the Navy, which enabled the guns to find and hold the target whatever its range and even if it became temporarily obscured by smoke. An amazing piece of work. Every message from every part of the ship was passed through the T.S.; the constant low babble of voices was reminiscent of a London telephone exchange.

And so to the (*Continued on page* 58)

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raison-d'être of the whole of this vast organisation—the guns and those who served them. At the bottom of the ship, adjacent to the boilers and engines, were situated the magazines and shell-rooms—lofty compartments crammed to their respective roofs with cordite charges and projectiles, air-conditioned and spotlessly clean; their occupants moved silently, shod as they were with rubber, for the impact of iron upon iron makes sparks, and sparks in a magazine mean death. Elaborate screening arrangements existed to prevent the flash of a bursting shell penetrating to the magazines.

It was very quiet here, so quiet that the sound of the water tearing past the hull-plating was clearly audible. In the centre of the magazine and shell-rooms, the former being situated above the latter, were great elevators which started the ammunition on its long journey via the guns to the enemy's vitals. Half-way up, the main elevators disgorged their contents into the gun-loading cages, which were operated by the movement of a small lever situated close to the hand of one of the turret's crew. In the turret itself, like two inanimate monsters, lay quietly side by side the rear-ends of the guns so docile that they could be raised to full elevation by the pressure of a man's little finger, yet so powerful that they could dispatch over a ton of steel a distance of fifteen miles. It was for these guns that fourteen hundred men worked day after day, so that when the day eventually came, everything would be ready for the trial of strength between them and those enemy guns which, at this moment, were resting quietly in their own ship. And the day, at long last, had come.

Seated in a little chair in the spotting-top, nearly a hundred feet above the turrets, was the gunnery officer, the man who was in sole charge of the main armament of the ship. It was he who had lectured and drilled, coached and explained, praised and cursed the guns' crews, the control parties and the intermediate links between himself and the men in the magazine. He knew the theory and practice of the complicated machinery; he knew the strengths and weaknesses of his subordinate officers, and he knew from hard experience just how little it takes to turn good shooting into "ducks and drakes." He sat, a telephone strapped to his chest, a huge pair of binoculars adjusted to their mounting to the level of his eyes and, as he waited for the enemy to come into sight, he went through his organisation carefully searching in his mind and conscience for possible flaws or shortcomings and finding none. As far as he was concerned all was as ready as was humanly possible, and he wished the enemy were in sight. This waiting was the devil.

Just as the heads of departments surveyed themselves, so the captain, confident in the knowledge of his subordinates' worth, was also taking stock. It was a far cry from this moment to the beginning of things. Nearly three years ago the battleship had been lying in a dockyard basin having just completed an extensive overhaul to engines and hull, which had taken over a year, and though she was a mechanically sound job, that was where it had ended. She was filthy between decks and worse up top, and she lay there a derelict hulk with dirty canvas wrappings on her guns and funnel tops, an inch of black mud on her upper deck and her rigging hanging in bights. He remembered when he had first stepped aboard and surveyed the scene of desolation. A ship without a crew is a sorry sight. Then on a short winter's day, with half a gale of wind tearing through the dockyard and blowing the tattered canvas and rigging into streamers, a great oil-skinned procession of men had marched down from the barracks to commission the ship. They were gathered together, with no common bond save the same name embroidered in gold lettering on their cap-ribbons. The officers were there also, and he had not known one of them by name, and they, too, could not know the names of their sailors. It was a strange day when nothing but careful planning and organisation had prevented chaos. The ship certainly had a crew but as yet they were but a rabble of nameless men.

There had followed weeks of hard work, battling against time and dirt, until the ship, complete now with stores and ammunition, and apparently clean, had been taken to sea for a "shake-down" cruise. It was six months before he could feel that the job was beginning to come right. Six months of work and play, of petty triumphs and lesser disasters, of anxious moments when it looked as if the partly-trained crew would be unable to cope with a sudden emergency, and then suddenly he knew that they had turned the corner and at last he was in command of an efficient fighting machine. Now the individuals were recognisable, the officers and men knew their ship, their duties and themselves, and an indefinable thing for which there in no English name had blossomed: esprit-de-corps morale, call it what you will, it meant that the men and the ship were welded into a massive unit which was impervious to sudden alarms and equal to every emergency.

He looked down from his eminence and saw half of the ship spread before his eyes. The turrets were trained in the direction whence the enemy was expected, their guns silently creeping up and down like live things. The forecastle was clear of every movable object and not a man was in sight. By turning round and walking a few paces he was able to look down upon the after part of the ship—on the funnels radiating enormous heat, on the boat deck clear of all but a minimum of boats, and on the high-angle guns with their steel-helmeted crews waiting for the same thing as they all were, and farther aft still two more turrets silent but alive. The ship had a weather-beaten appearance—the paint was no longer glossy and new as it had been in peace time; now it was drab and grey—frills were not necessary in war. Overhead from every yard-arm and at the head of the two great masts flew a number of white ensigns—the only outward and visible sign that the ship was steaming into battle and steaming at a very high speed. For a twenty-four-year-old she was putting up a good performance, although the bridge and upper works were vibrating in a manner that disclosed old bones in the anatomy of her structure. There was a nice breeze to blow the gun-smoke away when they opened fire—when would that be? This waiting was the devil.

Presently the gunnery-officer, his eyes glued to his glasses, saw some thin vertical lines sticking out of the horizon—masts of the enemy battle squadron.

"Bearing green five oh! Follow director!" he reported down his telephone, and in a few seconds the whole organisation was in full train. The turrets following the direction of the master situated above the spotting-top, trained on the distant masts and the twenty rangefinders all over the ship began remorselessly to record the range, transmitting their results to the T.S. Twenty operators do not agree but the average of their efforts will be pretty accurate. Out to the guns went the range and numerous complicated gadgets assessed the course and speed of the enemy. And all this before their hulls were visible.

"Alter course thirty degrees towards the enemy." The admiral was anxious to get to grips. The two battleships swung in unison, steadying on a course that put them in echelon. The enemy's funnels and upper works were beginning to show now. The captain went to a voice-pipe and spoke softly to the gunnery officer. "Take the rear ship in the line, guns," he said, "and open fire at twenty-eight thousand yards." All eyes were turned on the range repeaters which flicked continuously as the figures on the dials changed. It was a matter of minutes now, and everything and everybody on board was aware of it. The conductor's baton was raised and the orchestra, with instruments poised, was ready.

"Twenty-eight fires and five 'undred," said a languid

(*Continued on page* 60)

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messenger down his voice-pipe in exactly the same voice as the one he had used for the same purpose for the past three years.

THE gunnery officer spoke rapidly into his telephone and then, as the range receivers flickered and showed 28,000, he gave the word: "Shoot!" There was a little pause and then the fire gongs gave a cracked "ting-ting" and the music started. Five fifteen-inch guns fired simultaneously with a breath-taking explosion. The spotting top and the compass platform were jerked viciously as if a giant had flicked them with his colossal finger, the ship itself heeled slowly to port, a matter of ten degrees, and an acrid smell of burnt cordite blew across the upper works and made itself felt on every man's palate. Then, as the ship came slowly upright, there was another shattering roar and the second salvo was sent rumbling on its way towards the enemy. Thereafter, at intervals as regular as clockwork, the guns roared out their double salvos, whilst the gunnery officer, watching through binoculars that leapt at him every time the fore-top rocked, observed the fall of shot round the far-distant target and issued the necessary corrections to the T.S. It is not an easy matter to hit a moving target fourteen miles away and it was necessary to fire several salvos before the great white splashes could be seen to be straddling the target; meanwhile the enemy had not been idle. Little spurts of orange flame and dense clouds of smoke could be seen issuing from his broadside and presently his shots arrived, falling short and to the left to begin with and thereafter steadily creeping closer to the British battleship. The flagship, too, was in the thick of it—there was an ugly belch of black smoke issuing from her quarter-deck that told its own tale of a hit she had sustained. As a salvo from the enemy screamed overhead and fell into the sea a few hundred yards away, the captain gave a grunt of satisfaction. "We're hitting her now," he said; "pass the word to all quarters!" As he spoke the ship gave a mighty quiver and a great yellow flame shot up from the forecastle deck. The enemy, too, had found the range. "Torpedo tracks to starboard!" reported a watchful look-out. With smoke pouring from the gap in the bows, the ship was swung to starboard to "comb" the tracks of the approaching torpedoes. There was a breathless moment as they passed close enough to be visible for a split second and then it was clear that the enemy's attempt had failed. Back into station swung the battleship and the captain had time to send down to inquire about the damage.

The enemy shell had entered the fo'c'sle and burst on the fore mess deck, setting fire to everything combustible and filling the fore part with thick smoke. It was a hectic time for the commander and his fire and repair parties fighting their way through the murk to the scene of the explosion, battling with flames and pulling clear the bodies of the unfortunates who had been stationed there. The surgeon-commander was now reaping the benefit of his careful preparations and the wounded were treated within a few minutes of sustaining their injuries. Down in the engine-room a steam pipe had burst from the concussion of the shell's explosion. For a moment it looked as if the staff would be driven to seek safety in flight, and then a young stoker, acting entirely on his own initiative, went through the scalding steam and succeeded in shutting a valve which controlled the burst pipe. He was badly hurt but he had saved the situation.

There was trouble, too, in "A" turret, a hydraulic press had jammed and the left gun could not be loaded—but not for long, for the guns' crew were used to exercising breakdowns, and they set upon the recalcitrant press and got it going again in record time. Reports of damage were finding their way to the captain now and always they closed with the words: "Situation in hand."

IT was a grand performance and very grim, but those taking part were too busy to do otherwise than get on with their jobs, without thought for the consequences. If, in the stress of battle, it was possible for them to register a thought, it was that they, one and all, were at long last fulfilling themselves to the uttermost, from the captain, with his twenty-five years of training, to the midshipman and ship's boys with three.

The battle was joined squarely, every man aboard every British ship was doing his duty to the full. Whatever the outcome might be, no man could do more.

END

How They Spend the Winter

(*Continued from page* 13)

but is not quite so profound a sleeper as its neighbour the dormouse, and it is not unusual to see an occasional hedgehog moving about, even in mid-winter, should the cold weather temporarily brighten. Such a hedgehog soon realises, however, that it has been misguided by winter sunshine and is glad to return to its dormitory.

LIKE the dormouse, the hedgehog likes a warm bed in which to sleep, and when the chilly winds of autumn begin to blow, the hedgehogs may be seen collecting leaves and moss, with which to make their winter nests in the sheltered hedgerow. There they sleep until the warmer days of spring call them back to normal activity.

But "Peter," a tame hedgehog I once possessed, never hibernated soundly, and even in winter often left his dormitory to come to the kitchen for food. This may have been due to the fact that Peter lived indoors where the temperature was never quite so low as outside. Another factor to be considered was Peter's diet, for whilst he managed to find a certain amount of natural food such as worms and snails, he also partook of milk and bread and other household dainties, all of which undoubtedly played a part in his constitution.

In a natural state, however, hedgehogs sleep most of the winter and those specimens which decide to move about in cold weather have much to regret, for the countryside larders are bare, and if the cold does not drive them to their sleeping quarters in a few hours, hunger does.

Winter is, indeed, a time of hardship for most animals, and although the fox, the badger, and the rabbit have to withstand the cold as best they can, most of them feel the pinch of winter severely. Badgers often store up food against the winter's shortage, and I have known them not to leave their burrows for days at a stretch. They greatly dislike wet weather and generally have enough food in their sett to last a few days should conditions on the surface be uninviting.

But the fox is an all-weather roamer and where the muddy paths lie damp beneath the trees, will be found the neat dog-like footprints of this hunter of the darkness. After a heavy fall of snow is, however, the best time to track animals and many joys are in store for those who are able to walk through the fields and woodlands when an early morning sun shines on the dazzling whiteness of the snow-clad countryside.

BUT the birds suffer most in winter, and if the weather be very cold or severe, or long spells of frost occur, many of them die of starvation. It behoves every bird-lover to come to the aid of our feathered friends in winter.

END

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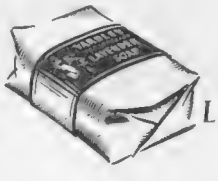
Yardley  LONDON

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Books

(*Continued from page 28*)

ships," mingled with a love story. It is a personal description compared with the official factual production of the numbers and types of "little ships" involved. For three nights—the last three—he describes how the work went on, with many moving details of the horror, the bravery, the politeness, of the rescued, and its effect on the mind of the author hero. He tells of the humour, too. Above all it is the why and the wherefore of the incredible daring shown, and as such is a natural seller.

AND now let us get away from war. Here are two books dealing with adolescence of which I must place easily first "Handsome Johnnie" (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.) by Frances Lobb. This is an unusual story about a girl of thirteen, an only daughter, quick tempered, old for her age, fond of showing off, but very loyal, and an Oxford undergraduate of twenty-three, who comes to stay at her house outside the university city.

And he falls in love with her and she with him. When she is thirteen and a half they become secretly engaged, but her father, a don, suspects that all is not natural and well. And takes steps. The result is tragedy for her, away at school. It is a remarkable tale, delicately told, in the first person. Charles, the cousin who understands and tries to help, is a good character, and in fact the book is full of authenticity without which it would be impossible, and the descriptions are a pleasure to read.

On the other side is "Winter Term" (Robert Hale, 8s. 6d.) by John Harriman, which describes one of the best-known public schools (or private school as it would be known there) in America. I resent the claim that this is a "Mr. Chips" of America. As one of the pupils of James Hilton's original Mr. Chips (Mr. W. H. Balgarnie of The Leys, if you want to know his name, now called back to work again), I can say that the books bare no relationship, but that is not a slur on "Winter Term." It is a good description of school anywhere and of the problems of adolescence, of masters and boys, and of growing sex knowledge. But while there is schoolboy cruelty in it, there is no "dirt," and a master's love affair mingles with the problems of youthful puberty so that it is guided and almost ruined by the actions of his pupils.

MARGERY LAWRENCE includes stories of love, comedy, drama and the weird in her "Strange Caravan" (Robert Hale, 8s. 6d.). There are no frills on these stories. They go straight to the point. Best of all I liked "Salute to Love" and the "Strange Airman" though it was with a nostalgic feeling that I read her descriptions and tales about the Paris of old, such as "Chi-Chi" and "Mr. Redle's Ruin." This is both bedside and deep-shelter reading matter.

FOR a first novel "Swamp Water" (Collins, 7s. 6d.) contains more strange words than any I have read, partly because the Okefenokee Swamp has birds and trees completely out of my ken, and partly because Vereen Bell uses perfectly normal sounding words which do not appear in my dictionary. But do not let that put you off. He tells of his unexplored swamp, of the outlaw living in it and of Ben's adventures there in a sort of hill-billy style which grows on you. This is an unusual story and I liked it.

Finally the prolific Denise Robins—this appears to be her sixteenth novel—produces "If This Be Destiny" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) about a glamour girl in wartime, her struggle to work, and her love affairs with first her professional partner and then, after she has been permanently disabled while singing to troops in France, with a Tank Corps officer. Cara Gray is a charming, genuine person, and her surroundings, whether in London, France, or the countryside, are familiar. In fact, the plot works out familiarly, and all's well that ends well, which does not detract from the readability of this novel.

END

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page 29*)

first into one nostril and then into the other.

Handkerchiefs are, of course, one way of spreading a cold. If I had a lot of women under my care and wished to prevent the spread of colds, I would make a great effort to provide any sneezer with tissues, which could be burnt after each bout of nose-blowing. I know that it is listed as an "offence" to destroy paper in these days, but it would be worth while destroying a small amount of paper in order to protect a large number of people from infection.

One of the most extraordinary things about a cold is that while it dries up a woman's skin, it makes her hair twice as greasy as usual; and while you have a cold it is a little unwise to wash the hair. The best way of dealing with this problem is to get a hair tonic of bay rum or spirit variety, massage this well into the scalp, and brush the hair until it is dry.

The problem of your "hair do" in uniform requires a good deal of intelligent consideration these days. Girls who wear khaki, Air Force blue, or navy blue, are not supposed to allow their hair to come in contact with the collar of their jacket. And quite right, too, because the hair is apt to make the jacket collar greasy. On the other hand, girls out of uniform are now wearing their hair right down over their shoulders. By far the smartest and most practical haircut and set for uniform is the sleek unwaved top and the horse-shoe roll. This starts high up above each ear and dips down towards the back of the neck. It is neat; it is smart; it is easy to keep in order; and it steers clear of the collar.

OFF DUTY

country shoes in bright blue and vivid green and other lovely shades which I saw at another shop.

Whatever your weak spot may be this war will find it out for you. Psychiatrists thought that air raids were going to produce most elaborate varieties of war neuroses. They were wrong, of course, but the blitz does seem to have produced a certain amount of fibrositis and rheumatic twinges of various kinds. You may find yourself stiff-necked in the morning, your shoulders may ache a little towards the evening. Rheumatism has always been one of the greatest enemies to good looks. From early childhood to old age various forms of rheumatism spoil the figure and this trouble is definitely brought on by mental strain. It pays to stop any rheumatic tendency before it gets a hold on you, and the best way is to have a short course of massage, which limbers up the aching muscles and gets rid of the nasty little lumps and deposits. After this a couple of minutes' exercises in the morning are as inexpensive as air and do to the masseuse what the apple does to the doctor. Try head rolling. Sit erect, let the head fall forward, the chin on chest. Then roll head round in as large as circle as possible. Repeat three or four times; first to the right and then to the left. Same position. Bend the head to the right as far as possible, hold for a second, raise, bend to the left as far as possible. Three times each way. Same position. Turn the head as far to the left as possible, hold for a second, turn as far to the right as possible, three times each way.

War also seems to accentuate any tendency towards acidity, and when a woman complains of this there is probably a gouty tendency in her family and likely as not her complexion will be sallow. If her skin is very sensitive and easily irritated she may escape painful joints but if her skin does not trouble her the chances are that her joints will do so. Acidity is also associated with dandruff and greasy skin, and the treatment is to cut out all rich foods which, goodness knows, is easy enough in these days, and be careful of farinaceous foods. The smallest ration of cane sugar and bacon helps matters, and the menu should include as many vegetables and as much English fruit as possible.

The care of the Eyes in Industry

Written by a Welfare Expert and approved by Medical Authorities.

There are many men and women, now working in factories for the first time, who suffer from headaches and tired eyes as a result of the close work, unusual conditions and the strain of concentration. Here are a few tips which will help them.

(1) If you are provided with goggles, wear them.

(2) Try to work with the light on the job and not on eye level.

(3) Get as much fresh air as you can.

(4) If you get a foreign body in your eye, report at once to the Welfare or First Aid department. Don't rub the eye.

(5) Bathe your eyes night and morning with an approved medicated lotion. It keeps the eyes healthy and comfortable.

(6) If headaches persist and your eyes continue to ache, water or irritate, if your sight is not so keen as it ought to be and you feel you are losing the power of concentration on the job, consult a Qualified Practitioner.

. . . . .

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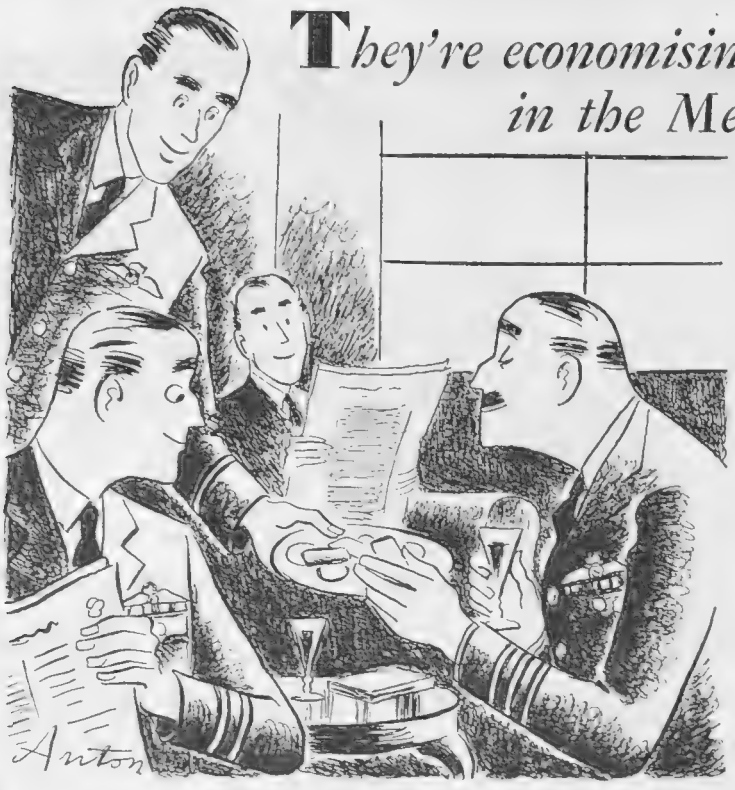

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but they're still enjoying the best biscuits—and so can you, for the secret of economy is to get more value for least money. That's why you'll find Peek Frean's popular-priced biscuits in all the best places. *Day-by-Day Assorted*, for example, cost 1/1d. a lb., *Round Meal* only 9d. a lb. And, of course, all these popular-priced biscuits are made with that meticulous attention to quality for which Peek Frean are famous.

If you have difficulty in obtaining Peek Frean's, please be patient and remember the difficulties of wartime production.

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TANGEE FACE POWDER

IN THE NEW 'DOUBLE-QUANTITY' SQUARE BOX

11D INCLUDING TAX

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Naturelle, Light Rachel, Rachel, Peach, Ochre and Sun Tan.

NOTE.—No change in price of TANGEE Lipsticks, Lipstick Refills and Rouge Compacts.

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 24*)

that many times they carried him completely off his balance—and always failed to find their mark on the elusive Basil. The spectacle of such wasted energy provoked great outbursts of mirth from the spectators, especially the Emperor, who was enjoying it enormously.

Suddenly, the course of the fight changed. A lightning blow from Basil jerked the giant's head right back, and was followed up by a rain of rights and lefts too rapid to be counted by human eyes. Stunned and reeling, the Bulgarian was hammered to his knees, where he crouched, growling like a wounded buffalo. Amid a frantic chorus of jubilation, the fight was declared over.

The Emperor was enraptured by Basil's victory; and thus it came about that the latter gained not only regular access to the palace, but a place amongst the personal friends of the Emperor himself.

MICHAEL III had ruled under the regency of his mother since the age of four. His education had been entrusted to Bardus, brother of the queen mother. This man, instead of instilling the boy with upright ideals suited to a future ruler, had acquainted him with every form of pleasure and vice known to the habitual roué.

The Empress Theodora, absorbed by religious matters and anxious to keep the reins of government in her own hands, did not pay much attention to Michael's education; nor did she realise that such an upbringing would lead inevitably to her son's ruin.

The boy grew up, to use an expression of Gibbon's, "considering pleasure to be the object of life and virtue as the enemy of pleasure." Resenting any attempt at good advice, the young king ignored all the responsibilities of his position. His life was an uninterrupted orgy of debauchery and shameless amusements.

Like Petronius with Nero, Basil was quick to realise that if he did not encourage the young profligate in his dissipation he would never gain his confidence. He therefore became the deliberate companion of his lord, in order to strengthen his position at court.

In recognition of his feat of taming a wild Arab horse Basil was put in charge of the royal stables. This was another rung upon the golden ladder which he was so rapidly ascending.

It was at this time that Michael became infatuated with the beautiful young noblewoman, Eudocia Ingerina. He wished to marry her; but his mother feared the influence of Eudocia's powerful family, and forbade the union. A pity, because this was the first pure and spontaneous affection to be born in the heart of the spoilt boy, and very often such a love produces miracles of redemption. However, necessities of state demanded the severance of the association. So it befell that Michael was forced into marriage with another princess, also named Eudocia. He complied without protest, in order to please his mother; but he would not entirely renounce the first Eudocia. Unable to make her his empress, he took the other course and made her his favourite concubine. With time, however, her power over him waned, and his roving eye sought other attractions from amongst the bevy of beauty constantly paraded before him.

Needless to say, Basil also had his share of the delights of this Eden of free love, and he made a most notable conquest—no less a person than the Emperor's own sister, the beautiful Princess Thecla. It says much for his prestige that he was able to make her his official concubine with the Emperor's full consent. No doubt the atmosphere at court had somewhat undermined the morals of the princess; but the charms of this young Apollo were irresistible.

WHEN the Emperor attained the age of majority, he showed considerable resentment for the supremacy exercised by his mother and compelled her to retire to private life. He also regarded his Uncle Bardus (who had the title of Augustus) as another obstacle in

his path. It was Basil himself who eliminated this obstacle by picking a quarrel with the old man and slaying him in Michael's presence.

By now Basil had achieved the rank of chamberlain of the palace. As such he had almost unlimited power, and he was not slow to take advantage of the fact. All the same, he was obliged to bow his head to the wishes of the Emperor, and this forced him to accept a very strange proposal which Michael made to him. It was none other than that he should marry Eudocia Ingerina and repudiate the modest Maria. Michael's affection for his former mistress was wearing thin, and he wished to be rid of her in the least tiresome and most effective manner.

Very often when the Emperor was in his cups he gave wild orders which were abrogated later. But this time he had a clear mind when stating his design. Naturally he never dreamed that he was leading Eudocia to the very threshold of the Imperial rank which he had failed to give her. Eudocia herself seemed perfectly amenable. There was no rivalry between herself and Thecla. They remained on terms of the closest friendship which was unaffected by the fact that both now belonged to the same man. This appalling state of affairs among the ruling classes did not prevent them from calling themselves faithful Christians engaged in a war against paganism.

THE death of Bardus cleared the way for the nomination of a successor to the throne, and this crowning honour was bestowed on Basil, whose energies in the direction of public affairs grew ever stronger as Michael's declined.

From time to time the Emperor's eyes were opened to the humiliating position into which he was sinking. Watching Basil's progress in the art of government sowed in his heart the seed of dangerous jealousy, and this began to grow stronger and stronger.

Perhaps also he was an unconscious victim of that strange complex which attacks a man who has discarded a woman and cannot bear to see her in the arms of his friend. The beautiful Eudocia seemed now to have acquired a new charm.

Once the poison of hatred had taken hold of Michael's heart, there was no going back. He resented now every fragment of advice given him by Basil, however wise.

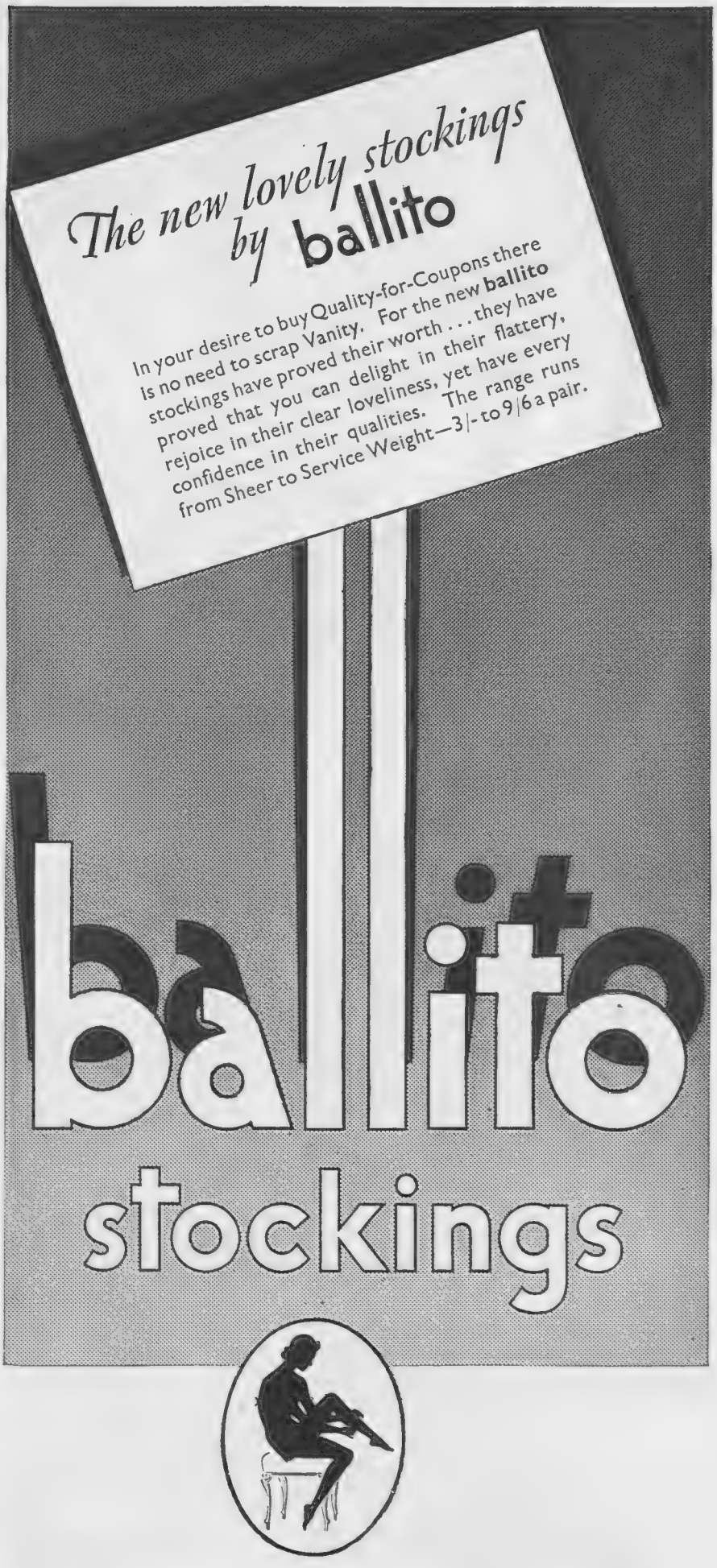
Naturally, Basil perceived the change in his attitude, and was continually on his guard. One day he received information that the Emperor was plotting to have him assassinated, and only needed to find the right man for the task. There was no time to be lost. He convened a family gathering at the palace of Theodora. The ex-Empress welcomed the idea of such a reunion and prepared a lavish banquet.

With a limited retinue Michael arrived. He embraced his mother and greeted Basil with all the appearances of friendship, also Eudocia and Thecla. Theodora, still a handsome woman, looked radiant. She received them all most affectionately, having long resolved to overlook her son's shortcomings and the awkward position of her daughter Thecla.

The banquet started in stately fashion; but before long it had degenerated into the usual orgy of drinking and merry-making that renounced every pretence of dignity and modesty. Michael lay helpless on a couch, unable even to sit upright. The Queen, with the princesses and their attendants, were about to leave the hall when some men lifted the inert figure of the Emperor and carried him into a private chamber.

While this was happening, Basil's men had been smuggled into the palace. Stealthily they entered the chamber where Michael lay. One remained outside on guard. The business they had come upon took only a few seconds. Immediately afterwards they left the palace unseen as they had come.

The murder of the Emperor did not produce any regrets, any tears or inquiries. The only person to wipe a teardrop from her eye was the Queen Mother, Theodora. She had been the first to suffer under her son's arrogance; but perhaps she realised at last that her own neglect was largely to (*Continued on page* 66)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"Very well—but don't waste it—remember that very little gives a lovely shine."

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blame for the abyss into which he had fallen.

There was no heir to the throne, for the young Empress, the other Eudocia, had been completely neglected by her husband and lived in obscurity. Michael's death marked the end of a dynasty. With no one to contest the act, Basil assumed the crown.

The empire had been reduced almost to ruin by the profligacy and extravagance of his predecessor; but with a strong hand he grasped the reins of state and soon stemmed the flow of waste, thus making Roman arms once more formidable against the barbarians.

It is regrettable that the extirpation of evil so often entails the use of violence, hypocrisy and—as in Basil's case—even the knife of the assassin. . . .

HISTORY makes no mention of the kindly monk who, a few short years before, had given a slave boy a loaf of bread and the promise of employment. Nevertheless, he had been the unwitting hand of Destiny who chose the founder of a new dynasty that played a long and important role in Byzantine history.

Who could have foreseen that on that fateful morning a poor monk was giving an empire to a slave—and a leader to an empire?

END

Comfort in Grey

(*Continued from page* 38)

correspond with left front, but after ½ in. has been worked, make a buttonhole as follows: with row starting k. 10, k. 6, cast off 5, work to end.

Next Row.—Work up to casting off, turn, cast on 5 sts., turn, work to end. Rep. buttonhole every 2½ ins. until the dec. at neck edge begins, making 6 in all.

THE SLEEVES (Two Alike)

Cast on 61 sts. with No. 11 needles. Work the pat. for 3 ins. Change to No. 9 needles and continue pat. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 6th row until there are 95 sts. Work straight until side seams are 18 ins. K. 2 tog., at beg. and end of every other row until there are 35 sts. Cast off.

THE POCKETS (Two Alike)

With No. 11 needles, cast on 26 sts. Work all k. for 4 ins. Cast off.

BUTTONS

Cast on 12 sts. Work straight all k. for 2 ins. Cast off. Sew over moulds.

TO MAKE UP

Do not press. Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew on pockets and buttons. Sew strips to back of neck.

Elegance in Black

Work for ½ in., at the same time dec. 1 st. every row at the neck edge, until 32 sts. remain.

SHAPE THE SHOULDER (As for the Front)

Return to the other 49 sts. and work to correspond.

THE SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 90 sts. Work 1 in. in rib. Now work 2 ins. as for panel pat. Change to No. 10 needles, and work 3 ins. in rib, at the same time inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row, until 102 sts. Then dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 42 sts. remain. Cast off.

THE NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles cast on 140 sts. Work in rib for 1 in., keeping 3 sts. at each end in plain knitting. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew all seams, sew in sleeves, arranging fullness at the top. Sew on the neckband, leaving spaces top of back opening for the linked buttons. Join 2 buttons together to form a link and thread them through the spaces.

CORRECTION

THE BACK should read as follows:—Work as for front for 10½ ins. from beg. Continue in rib for 2½ ins.

Cold Comfort

(*Continued from page* 31)

suggestion of mauve, and a touch of rouge to match. You can wear quite an electric streak of eye-shadow, blue or green, as brown will only emphasise the shadows of the eyes. Wear mascara if you must, but not if your eyes are badly watering. There is never any need to throw up the ghost, for a cold can be well disguised under artificial light, especially if rouge is kept well back and high up on the cheeks.

Of course, there are some faces that won't carry make-up if they have a cold. For them, the calomine lotion alone, scrupulous neatness, and the wan, waif look of pathos.

And, if you have to go straight on from work to make a rush-party or important date, first bury your face in a hot wet towel before re-making up. Have your nose douche and quota of chlorodyne which will banish dribble for at least fifty minutes, by which time you should be well on the way and under a resuscitating spell of excitement.

There is nothing like being lifted on to a quickened plane of living for exercising a cold and restoring the face as though by some talisman to a full bloom of vivacity.

END

Reunion

(*Continued from page* 27)

thinking for the past ten days, and the bare fact that she listened should have told him all that he was torturing himself to know. She protested, of course, as she was bound to—but she stayed. At this juncture the Abbess came into the room.

"Sister Marguerite was kneeling beside the bed in an attitude of prayer. Tears were hanging on her lashes—but not the sort of tears the Abbess supposed. Tony closed his eyes. The Abbess took one look at his face, white and drawn with emotion, and assumed—not unnaturally—that he was at the point of death. She laid a hand on the girl's head and told her to stay until the end; to pray for the reception of his soul. Then she left them.

"Well, there they were; and there they stayed. The sun went down behind the poplars. The twilight faded, and the moon, used to such things perhaps, crept in quietly through the old gothic window. Nothing moved. All was quiet except for the rumble of the guns along the line, and they were far away.

"They must have known that they were not likely to be disturbed, so one feels inclined to say, what more could they ask? Far be it from me to be facetious, but this was the year 1940, and *c'est la guerre* is sufficient excuse for most people. In the circumstances Tony's sainted namesake might well have stalled. What they talked about, if they talked at all, I don't know. He didn't tell me. The night wore on. The night bombers and the owls went home to roost. The moon died slowly. But not Tony. Possibly he was living for the first time.

"Just before dawn it seems that remorse took over the controls. He told her to go. She went without a word.

"As soon as the door had closed behind her he got out of bed and took his uniform from the chest where it had been stored. Somehow he managed to get dressed. Then he opened the window and looked out. The dawn patrol was just going over, high up. Reveille was just sounding in a distant camp, but for Tony it was the Last Post.

"Before he went he wrote a note to the Abbess thanking her for her great kindness, and another to Sister Marguerite. He didn't mention love. The nearest he got to it was to thank her for her goodness and beg forgiveness, requesting that anything he might have said in his weakness should not be taken too seriously. He had been a little lightheaded. Perhaps it would be better to forget.

"Poor old Tony. How was he to know that what had passed was the last thing on God's earth that (*Continued on page* 68)

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she—or any other woman—would be likely to forget. An hour later some poilus found him staggering along the St. Nicholas road, and took him to the hospital at Neufchateau.

"Now it seems that Sister Marguerite didn't go to her cubicle when she left him. She went to the Abbess, and in a choking confession told her that she had sinned. Don't ask me why. It was at least an overstatement of fact—unless, of course, she regarded a kiss as a cardinal sin. It may have been that she thought that in this way she might obtain her freedom. We don't know. We never shall know. The Abbess naturally assumed the worst. She went white when she remembered that they had been alone all night. She looked at Marguerite. The girl simply said 'Mother, I love him.' This is what the Abbess told me when I went to see her about the affair. She was badly shaken.

"But her heart was in the right place, and all she said was something to the effect that it was a good thing Marguerite had not taken her final vows. Looking back she feels that Marguerite, who was very distressed, may not have heard the words—which were really intended to convey the impression that all might yet be well. There lies the tragedy. Anyway, deciding to settle the matter there and then she took the girl by the hand and went to the sick-room. Tony had just gone. Had he remained another day, just one more hour, perhaps a few minutes, the story might have had a different ending. But he'd gone. Ponder on the irony of that and you'll begin to understand why Tony—but I'll come to that presently.

"The Abbess found the letters. She read them both, and then handed the one addressed to Marguerite to her. In doing this her assumption was again perfectly natural. She thought that Tony had loved the girl and left her. In her resentment she made a biting remark about Tony being like other men are, always have been, and for ever will be. She told Marguerite to go to her room and pray; she would speak to her again later.

"Marguerite went. At the door of the chapel she saw the M.O. and two stretcher bearers just coming in. She knew him quite well by this time. She pointed to the sky: 'Tell him,' she said, 'that I will meet him there.' Pondering these strange words the M.O. passed on. Their significance did not occur to him until later.

"Marguerite must have walked straight on through the garden down the footpath that leads to the lake. And there, later, they found her, among the water lilies and sedges.

"The M.O. kept the news from Tony for a fortnight, when he was discharged fit for duty. Then he told him. That night, in his room, Tony told me. He was quite calm—ominously calm. He told me the whole story with a queer far-away look in his eyes as if he were reciting a fairy-tale that he didn't believe himself; and I don't mind telling you that before the lad had finished it was clear to me that he was booked for topsides at an early date. If he was going to waffle about a sky stiff with Huns with that dazed look in his eyes, he wouldn't have far to go to find consolation. Old Man Death would be sitting behind the guns of the first Messerschmitt that came along. The amazing thing was, it didn't work out that way. Tony flew like a bat out of hell. He got twenty Huns during the next month or so to my certain knowledge. Only God knows how many he really got; I couldn't get him to fill in combat reports. He brought machine after machine back looking like a sieve—but somehow he couldn't find what he was looking for. I knew what it was. So did he. So do you—now. That's the story. Today is the anniversary. For a year Tony has been trying to make an assignation with a bullet——"

The visitor broke off as the adjutant came out of the squadron office and handed the C.O. a chit.

Parkinson glanced at it, and then looked up.

"You were saying . . . ?"

"I said, Tony has been hunting in the blue for just a year, looking for—his lady."

The C.O. slowly crushed the chit into a ball.

"And at last, please heaven, he's found her," he said softly.

"Found her?"

"This afternoon he deliberately rammed a Heinkel—at twenty thousand."

"Good God! And he didn't bale out?"

The C.O. shook his head. "No. Apparently he was content to keep the appointment. But it's getting chilly. Let's go in and get a noggin. I have in mind a toast . . . ."

END

Brave To-morrow *(Continued from page 7)*

A range of nearly 900 different sizes and types of screws has been cut to 500, and thereby screw production has been stepped up by a fourth without increasing labour or machine power applied to screw output. One could prolong the list indefinitely. Millions of money, and hundreds of scientists and engines, are in the battle to use materials and fuels more efficiently and economically. The post-war world will derive great advantage from this expenditure of treasure and mental energy. The cost of things that people want will be brought down.

Many things are still too expensive. Among these are travel by rail, sea and air; electricity; communication by telephone and cable. A transatlantic passage should cost not much more than £10. It costs £600 for a comfortable round passage for two by sea between England and Australia: it's too high. These costs will come down in time, and there will be a great increase in travel, with new and prosperous tourist industries springing up.

HOLIDAY camps are another field which will benefit from lower transportation costs. The camp movement was gathering momentum when the war broke out; it will be greatly accelerated in the future. America points the way, with a great winter sports camp where charges are a fraction of what they are in even a modest Swiss resort. In the log cabins you make your own beds and help with the camp chores; and the saving on service and other overheads enables charges to be kept down to a figure which young people earning small wages and salaries can easily afford.

It doesn't need much imagination to see a tremendous expansion of aviation after the war, giving employment to millions, and providing new opportunities for permanent careers, and for workers of all kinds to graduate for more highly skilled and better-paid jobs. It is too easy to look back to the last war, and say it didn't happen then. The fact there is that the aeroplane, and especially the aero engine, was not ready for commercial use. Both were full of defects, and unreliable. Now aeroplanes as machines are even more perfect than motor cars, mainly because they have better stuff put into them, and a greater degree of care and accuracy and checking goes into the engine. As transportation machines, they are as safe as the railway or the steamship, and as comfortable.

To-morrow, they will be bigger. More comfort and space, rather than higher speeds, will be the main development line. Few people want to move at 400 or 500 miles an hour. It is good enough even for a busy businessman to cross the Atlantic in about the time it takes him to move from London to Edinburgh by night express. But key men in large numbers have become so accustomed now to moving over great distances at high speed by air, that they certainly won't tolerate any backward step after the war.

The first-line flying public is being created now. The skilled operators and workmen are

also being produced out of the churning mill of the war. In all the countries, more than a million young skilled pilots are functioning, and another million are being trained. The British Empire is training nearly a quarter-million pilots. America's flying schools will soon be graduating pilots at the rate of 100,000 a year. That country already has 47,000 holders of private licences, and private planes there logged more than 200 million miles in 1940. Fifty women pilots are ferrying warplanes in England; America has 2,000 women pilots, Russia probably has more. The stage is set for a tremendous development in private flying after the war. Out of that will come safe, inexpensive planes produced in great mass production factories.

We shall see new airports organised, each with a technically trained ground staff. Around the larger ones great new cities will arise, as in the past they have grown around railway termini and ports. More and more planes will be used for exploration patrol of coast lines and forest spaces, and desert routes, for map-making, and news collecting, and scenic photography.

The inconvenience of travel between airport and city centre will probably be overcome in one of two ways. There will be either an overhead or special autostrad motorway, or a helicopter to shuttle between the two points. Igor Sikorsky, the famous plane builder, lately hovered over one spot the size of a tennis court for more than one and a half hours. This craft, of his own design, took off vertically. Using three auxiliary propellers, it can be manœuvred backward and forward, and from side to side, and up and down. The problem of the direct-lift plane is demonstrably on the way to solution.

PEOPLE will be healthier to-morrow because food will be better prepared and cooked. There never was such mass education in the technique of food preparation as this war has provided, through government experts, plus an advertising campaign. We are finding out things about food, too. Army nutritionists conduct experiments in diets to sustain soldiers through special ordeals. A Swiss army experiment in feeding soldiers artificial vitamins has abolished the theory that vitamin pills are a substitute for vegetables and dairy produce. The German Army nutritionists place more emphasis on vegetables, grain and fruit, than on meat, the theory being that meat is less sustaining to body and nerves than things like coarse, whole-rye bread, cheese, milk, peas, beans, rice, barley, oats, dried fruits, and fresh vegetables. It is also a widely held theory among nutritionists now that "offals" contain more nourishment than the "meat" part of animals. The Germans feed their parachutists liver, as a special diet item. Fortress soldiers get fat, cheese, butter, eggs, milk, in special quantities, to compensate for loss of sunlight. Workers in mines and industrial plants can learn something from that, too. Milk powder, which stays fresh for eight months, is a new war industry which will have valuable peace-time uses.

Along with the rebuilding of cities—with a central planning body to take care the mistakes of the past are not repeated—we shall get a better organisation of materials and building. Building of private dwelling houses is one of the backward industries. In this island it is carried on by 68,000 builders, large and small; and not too many of those are qualified to build, anyway. Building is too costly owing chiefly to cumbersome materials and inefficient handling. Cheaper and better houses will come by way of lighter and stronger materials, and prefabricated houses, with the sections produced in quantity. It looks also as though we shall see a great extension of the mobile home: the motor-caravan and trailer. It has been forecast that within two decades twenty million people in America will live in homes on wheels, not because they must, but because they prefer living that way.

Mobility of work also will be a feature of to-morrow's world. This has been a serious political and social problem in old, conservative, sea-girt England. Men have been drawn from all (*Continued on page 70*)

I wonder if they'd let me do my own job in the A.T.S.

And give me extra training to get me on quickly ? . .

And would there be any hope of getting a commission fairly soon ?

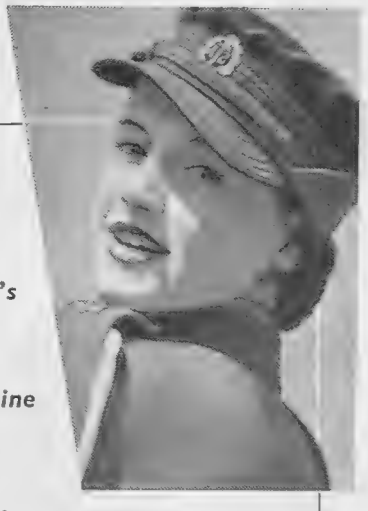
I wonder if shorthand typists get a chance to keep their speeds up ?

Do the cookery girls really learn catering ? . .

Why do they want girls who've been trained saleswomen ? . .

Could I really get into Radiolocation ? . .

It sounds too good to be true. I simply must go and find out more about it . . .



Another new draft joined us today . . .

They're coming in quickly now . . . but still not quickly enough . . .

We've got to take over more of the men's work now . . .

Leave more and more men free for front line training . . .

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That is why the A.T.S. are doing such important work . . .

Surely the girls must see they've never had a chance like this before . . .

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Please send me full story of life in the A.T.S. and details of the opportunities it offers. This does not commit me in any way.

Mrs/Miss.....

Address .....

.....

Age.....*(in confidence) Age limits 17½ to 43. (Parents' consent needed under 18). Ex-Service women may volunteer up to 50.*

(Unsealed envelope, penny stamp)

Please call and have a talk at any Employment Exchange or A.T.S. or Army Recruiting Centre. They are there to help you.

AND before that—ever since 1670—Earlywarm Blankets have been chosen for dower chest and bottom drawer. Owing to the war the output of Earlywarm Mills for distribution is limited. But every shop which stocked Earlywarms before the war still gets a small quota at intervals. And if you are fortunate enough to buy a pair or two of this limited supply you will find that, as always, the fine materials and sound craftsmanship in Earlywarm Blankets give you deep comfort and lasting warmth.

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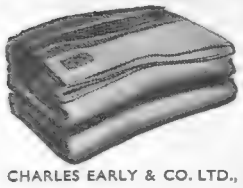

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The Food for General Fitness

DEMAND EXCEEDS SUPPLY
More Shredded Wheat is now asked for than can be made under war-time conditions but we are doing our best to supply where the need is greatest.
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BRITONS MAKE IT— IT MAKES BRITONS

SHREDDED WHEAT 100% FOOD

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO., LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTFORDSHIRE

parts to work in a coal mine here, or a heavy industry there. Scientific progress, or a change in the direction of world trade, has cut down demand for the product, or made production uneconomic; and the jobs have faded out. But instead of moving on to seek new jobs elsewhere, or developing an alternative job while working at one job, the workers have stayed put. They have demanded a livelihood, if not from that enterprise, then from that district.

Government originally side-stepped the issue, and subsequently treated it to a dose of relief aspirin: the basic problem remained. It was as though, after building the Suez and Panama canals, or some great defence works taking years to construct, the worker army asserted that they had become natives of that spot, and demanded as a right that work be made for them there. We have to stop the development of this social sore at the source, and see that work-power and skill are not wasted because production in one geographical spot has diminished or come to an inevitable end.

The war is teaching us something about this. Armies of men are being moved about countries, continents, even about the world, to do needed jobs of work. One must assume that what is done under war pressures can be done as part of the plan of a peace time

world, too. All this is a matter of a point of view. We have been working overlong on an outworn point of view, conditioned by too narrow national, economic and human horizons.

The turnover from war to peace is bound to present one of the biggest and most intricate problems which men have been called on to handle. There are bound to be some jerks as war spending of thousands of millions tapers off and steps, and we have to turn over from working for government to working for ourselves again—from a war to a peace economy. But the job of reconstruction is so vast that a slump is improbable. We are learning how to manage our complex economic and money machine much better.

When the giant conflict ends we shall be like a gang dumped down on a site after the demolition crowd have done their stuff. We shall have a building job to do from the ground up, and it will be the biggest one in human history. If we cannot devise ways and means to handle it effectively, we deserve to perish. Our civilisation will be a technical failure, and our managers biological wornouts, fit only for history's dustbin.

END

The Bright Lights (*Continued from page* 20)

Gradually, things came back into focus, and he could read the signs. There were cinemas like at home, and it was comforting to see the familiar names of his friends, the stars. Like meeting a lot of old pals. As good as being back in the High Street.

That was a point for a man to remember: this was just another High Street, only in New York. You could walk along here, and the people spoke English and everything. But the white, open shop over there seemed to sell nothing but pineapple drink, and there were grown-up men and women crowding in, which you wouldn't have seen in the High Street.

Yes, it was all very strange, and so, he figured, as they said in the States, he'd just stand there a while and take it in.

Time enough for walking round. This li'l ole town came to you. It was on parade. You stood still, and it marched by and up and round and round.

OUT of all the noise and clamour, the shuffle of feet, the insistent chatter of passers-by, the tooting of horns, one sound, meant for him alone, among all those millions, came to his startled ears.

"Hallo," said a voice to Jimmie Trevor there in Times Square, New York.

A feather would have knocked him flat.

He looked up to where the voice had come from, and saw the most beautiful girl in the world. She had hair of spun gold that caught all the lights and tied them into a halo; her eyes were huge and blue with lashes so black and long that Jimmie wouldn't have believed them if he hadn't seen them for himself. She had a lovely figure, like a girl in a swimsuit advertisement, only, of course, she didn't wear one. What she had on was much better, somehow. So right. She wore a light, white, soft cape affair with a hood thrown back on her shoulders.

In that first startled second, out of some forgotten English lesson, words started alive in Jimmie's mind: "Clad in white samite, mystic, wonderful." He was so taken aback that he even had time to wonder where the words came from. He couldn't remember. He only knew for certain that they had stuck in his head through all that time just to pop up when she spoke to him.

"Hallo!" she said again, friendly, smiling down with a smile such as no one had ever smiled before.

Jimmie gazed up at her, hoping he looked glad enough that she had found him among all those people.

"Hal-lo," he said, and could have kicked himself, for even to his ears it sounded such a silly croak.

"A stranger round these parts?" she said, and she had a voice like all the music there ever was, so that the roar of New York could not drown it.

"First time I've ever been here," said Jimmie. There was so much he wanted to tell her, but the only word that came after that was another echo of the queer, croaked, "Hallo." It wasn't that he felt shy with her, because she was like all his friendly film stars rolled into one—only more so. It was just that it was so hard to find anything adequate.

"Yes," she nodded; "I suppose it would take a—guy's breath away."

That was the kind she was. She didn't say a kid's, or a boy's—she said a guy's.

"It certainly does," said Jimmy, expanding, feeling as if the hand had been lifted from the spring. "And I don't mean maybe."

"What's your name?" she asked, looking down at him with those eyes which were bluer than anything you could think of, and through those lovely lashes which the lights made into the finest embroidery on her skin. Her skin, Jimmie discovered, was like a peach's, only better, smoother, softer.

It didn't occur to him to tell her that he was Mr. James Trevor.

"Jimmie."

"Jimmie," she said, smiling as if she liked his name. "I'm Yvette. Now we're quite old friends. My, my, your uniform looks dandy!"

"Oh," said Jimmie, "you get used to wearing it."

He wanted to add "Yvette" to that, but he didn't like to. He'd never known any one called Yvette before. That was as it should have been.

"I suppose so," she agreed, understandingly. "I've always liked sailors. They're so kind of real."

Not only had the hand been lifted from the spring, but Jimmie felt himself sprouting up to match the skyscrapers of New York—a giant in a giant city. She said nice things, but more than that was the way she said them. No one before had ever used words quite as she did.

"I'm glad—Yvette," he said.

The only thing that worried him was the way she kept glancing at the clock across the road, as if she had some important appointment to keep.

"I say," he burst out desperately, "you aren't going anywhere or anything are you?"

She shook her head.

"Not for a while. Why?"

"I don't have to tell you—er—Yvette," he said. "It's just that I don't want you to go. That's all."

She moved her big white bag into her left hand, and gave his fingers a brief squeeze

which sent pins and needles shooting through him, right down to the soles of his feet.

"I'm glad," she said. "We'll just wait here a bit and take in the scenery, shall we? I never get tired of it, and I've been seeing it all my life. Surely, you don't want to rush off places yet?"

"I could stay here for ever," Jimmie declared, and meant just that.

They chattered on, those two old friends, Jimmie and Yvette, still not saying anything special, and yet saying every single word very specially. Jimmie had grown so tall now that he looked down on all the poor, ordinary New Yorkers passing by, and even looked down on the skyline—which was easy, since his head was among the stars.

Out of all that mass of people someone separated like a drop splashing out of a stream of water, and paused briefly before Yvette. Then he was gone again, just as a drop dries up.

Yvette stopped glancing at the clock.

"Hot, isn't it?" she said. "Couldn't we go—just us—some place and take a drink?"

"Sure," said Jimmie eagerly, but in his heart he cursed the hateful mate who'd only given him two dollars. Out with a girl like Yvette that wasn't nearly enough. He might have made it three, and given a man real scope.

"Put this in your pocket, Jimmie, will you?" said Yvette, handing him a small parcel wrapped in newspaper.

Jimmie was thrilled to be of service. He hadn't noticed before that she was carrying anything save her bag, or he'd have offered to hold it for her.

THE place was labelled Bar Marco, but it wasn't like any other bar you were ever in. For one thing it was about thirty degrees cooler in there than outside, although no windows were open. It didn't smell of stale beer either, but was very bright and clean and gay, with kind of gardens set back in the walls behind glass so that it was as if you were way out in the country—Spain or somewhere—instead of in the heart of New York.

They sat at a little table. Jimmie didn't show that he was very much impressed. At least, he hoped he didn't. When out with Yvette you sort of caught her easy way of taking things, as if all this were just being alive.

"Nice little place," he approved. "Wouldn't be surprised if William Powell walked in. Or Adolphe Menjou."

She laughed, deliciously.

"Oh, you funny sweet," she said, all her lovely face curling up in little twinkles.

"Why?" asked Jimmie, puzzled, alarmed.

But it was all right: she wasn't laughing at him.

"I only mean," she said, "how quick you are. This is their favourite bar. They might walk in any moment."

Once upon a time that would have had Jimmie craning his neck in all directions. But once upon a time was before he had met Yvette. Now he had eyes only for her, clad in white samite, mystic, wonderful. If Powell and Menjou had come right in with Gary and Ginger and Ann Sheridan—well, they could have come right in, and so what?

A waiter bore down on them. He had on a white coat, but, in some way, he suggested the mate. Jimmie felt a sudden panic. What did you order when out with Yvette? The problem was solved for him.

"An old-fashioned and an orange juice," she said.

Jimmie was glad he was going to try one of those old-fashioned. He'd heard about them. But when the waiter flicked back with the order he put what looked like the old-fashioned before Yvette.

"But I thought——?" said Jimmie.

"Gin and orange juice is a man's drink," said Yvette. "There's a double shot in yours, as a matter of routine. This is only a girl's drink. Now tell me some adventure stories."

Jimmie wasn't very good at adventure stories, yet, but he did his best. After all, they had been dive-bombed, and even though they weren't hit, that (*Continued on page 72*)

SHARP ENOUGH FOR ANYTHING

There must be no doubt about the cutting edge when it is a question of surgical instruments; so with razors or pocket knives, scissors or table cutlery, all of which are made from exactly the same steel.

Firth Stainless Steel can, and indeed must, be sharpened from time to time and then it will retain an edge "sharp enough for anything."

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ABOUT TIME TOO! YOU'VE NEARLY WALKED ME OFF MY LEGS HELPING YOU!
YOU'RE LUCKY, MADAM. THIS IS THE VERY LAST PAIR I HAVE AND THIS LINE CAN'T BE REPEATED
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NEXT MORNING
SHOES LIKE THESE ARE HARD TO COME BY, NOWADAYS. THAT'S WHY MOST OF MY CUSTOMERS BRING IN THEIR NEW SHOES TO BE FITTED WITH PHILLIPS RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS BEFORE EVER THEY WEAR THEM; THEN THE ORIGINAL SOLE NEVER TAKES ANY WEAR AND THE SHOES NEVER LOSE THEIR SHAPE. OH YES, MADAM, PHILLIPS ARE QUITE INVISIBLE IN WEAR
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You must make shoes last longer now. It's a national duty. Leather is scarce and shoes will cost more and more. Every time you buy new shoes or have old ones repaired get Phillips Stick-a-Soles and Phillips Heels fitted. Phillips Soles are fixed firm as a rock with Phillips solution only—no nails, no screws. Then your shoes will last longer, look smarter, and never be down at heel. If your shoes just need heeling, fit Phillips Heels. Phillips save you money at every step.

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Phillips Soles and Heels are entirely British made.

was an adventure, wasn't it? Judging by the way Yvette listened, it certainly was. She sat watching him with her eyes like stars. And then he was just talking about himself, about Cadet Jimmie Trevor, apprentice in the S.S. *Tyneside*, 8,029 registered tons. He'd never known what an interesting topic that was. You only had to hear the way Yvette kept on saying: "Yes, Jimmie, and so——?" as if she could never hear enough.

She had finished her drink, and Jimmie had to do the same, though he was a bit scared about that double shot of gin. It had no effect on him at all. He might just as well have been drinking plain orange juice. That showed what a man could do in the right company. He beckoned to the white-jacketed fellow imperiously, and didn't even worry about how far a dollar and ninety cents would stretch.

The waiter had served them, and they were just settling down to talk again—Jimmie's head as clear as a bell—when a surprising interruption happened.

Three men came in quickly through the swing door. They wore black felt hats, and moved together as if they were all on the same wire, or like those simultaneous dancers you saw at music halls. Instead of going and sitting down and having a drink, the three of them formed a quiet ring round the table where Jimmie and Yvette sat.

They all had white faces with blue jaws.

"We'll have it, sister," said the smallest.

He put his hand on Yvette's white bag which was lying on the glass top.

"No!" she said, thrusting out her hand desperately.

Her tone, her face, her action, were so startling that they froze a man to his chair, so that he couldn't even think, let alone act.

"Yes," said the stranger.

That was all. Then the three of them went out through the swing doors again, their legs and arms moving all together, and they took the bag with them. They hadn't been in the place ten seconds.

Jimmie unfroze in a hot wave of shame. What had come over him? Three men had walked in and robbed Yvette and he had sat there, paralysed. He had to blink at the table to be sure that the bag had really vanished.

"Here," he said, jumping up, "you can't——!"

The men, of course, had gone. But they'd be just outside. He'd follow them, and show them. He'd——

Yvette had jumped up, also. Before he could dash in pursuit, her hands fell on his shoulders and pushed him down into his chair again. You couldn't fight against Yvette.

"Sit down, dear chump!"

"But, look here——?"

"But look here," said Yvette, and she wasn't frightened any more, only happy and shining, "you don't get it. You don't imagine that was serious? Those are three of the biggest playboys on Broadway. They're like brothers to me. That's just their idea of a practical joke. Seeing me with an Englishman they thought they'd give him a thrill. Make him think he was seeing wild life in New York. Why, they live in the same block of apartments as I do. The bag will be waiting for me with the porter when I get home."

Jimmie grinned, feeling rather foolish, but he was very glad he had not made a scene. Supposing he had hit one of Yvette's friends right on the chin with a straight left?—that would have been awkward. And he might easily have done so—easily! Certainly, he was in luck tonight. They both finished their drinks, and he called the waiter with an air. After all, he only needed a nickel to get home.

"So you were studying through the blitz?" Yvette prompted, eager to hear more, forgetting even the Broadway playboys in her complete interest in him.

Jimmie was telling her all about the bomb that broke the windows when two other men came up to the table and greeted Yvette. They, too, seemed to be in a hurry, and spoke brief, sharp words which failed to register on his ears.

"Oh, Jimmie," Yvette said, "let me have that parcel."

Jimmie had forgotten it. He produced it from his pocket, and she passed it to one of the men.

They, too, went away together, elbow to elbow, with just a queer kind of nod to Jimmie, as if they wondered who he was, which was natural enough because Yvette hadn't had time to introduce them.

"Sorry they were in such a rush," she said. "I'd have liked you to have met them. But they work on the *New York Times*, and you know what that means—never a minute."

Jimmie nodded, conveying that he knew just what it was to work on the *New York Times*.

"They're cousins of mine, lovely boys. And now I think we'd better be going, because I make a point of getting to bed early, and it's near ten."

"Near ten," said Jimmie, feeling like Cinderella when midnight struck, for the hateful mate suddenly loomed in the Bar Marco with his threat of skinning. Jimmie's hand went to his pocket.

Yvette shook her lovely head.

"Jimmie, Jimmie," she said, "you've a lot to learn about America yet. Didn't you know that it's awfully bad manners—almost a matter of pistols for two and coffee for one—for a visitor to offer to pay?"

She called the waiter and gave him paper money which she took from the pocket of her cape. There didn't seem to be any change, or Yvette was as generous as she was beautiful. Something told him that the note was worth more than a dollar and ninety cents. Thinking of the hateful mate's pittance, Jimmie again thanked his stars for the way they were looking after him that night.

THEY stood at the subway entrance, and it seemed to Jimmie that by some magic they were insulated from all the crowds and noise, shut off in a quiet, private place, a kind of—a kind of oasis.

"And when will you be sailing, Jimmie?" she asked.

"In about five days," he said, and with the words a chill wave of realisation broke over him, bleak and bitter as the Western Ocean to a drowning man. "Oh, gosh!" he gasped, and it was almost a sob.

"Why, Jimmie——?" she said, seeing his face like that in the harsh white light.

"I hadn't thought before, Yvette. It's all been a wonderful dream. I just hadn't thought—that's all."

His head drooped.

"What hadn't you thought?"

"Why, I won't be able to get ashore again! I won't see you until next voyage. Unless——" He paused, but desperation drove him on. "Unless you could come down to Brooklyn. She's a fine ship. You'd love her. I could show her to you. We're at Pier Seventeen. Could you? Would you? It only costs a nickel by the subway."

She took his hand in hers. Her fingers were cool and soft.

"Isn't that too bad, Jimmie? I've got to go out of town to-morrow for ten days."

"Oh," breathed Jimmie hopelessly. "But—but you'll write, won't you? Every day?"

"Sure, I'll write," she said. "Every day."

"I will, too," vowed Jimmie earnestly. "Every single day." But in his upset he quite forgot to ask for an address.

Jimmie couldn't see her very clearly. In those last precious seconds she had gone all misty. Abruptly she drew him to her—there among all the crowds in Times Square—and stooping down kissed him almost fiercely on the mouth. That was more intoxicating than the gin they served with orange juice at the Marco. It set his head spinning. And as she kissed him, something fell wet on his cheek.

"But, Yvette," he managed to say, "you're crying!"

"Don't give it another thought, Jimmie," Yvette said, "it's only just because you've shown me such a happy evening, and are kinda nicer than most men around this town."

She hugged him to her again, briefly, tensely, and then she wasn't there any more. New York had swallowed her up, and Jimmie Trevor was all alone among the millions.

Like one sleepwalking he found a nickel, and went down into the subway.

THE hateful mate was snooping about, hoping he'd be late, when Mr. Trevor, out of breath with running, stepped aboard the *Tyneside* on the stroke of eleven.

But Mr. Trevor was in no mood for hate or bearing grudges. He felt mature and wise and supremely happy, and he saw the mate with new eyes. Poor old devil! He looked a lonely sort of chap, standing there, puffing his pipe in the brightness of the flood lamps. Life couldn't have been much fun for him, and now about all he could look forward to was the grave.

Mr. Trevor had to swallow a sympathetic gulp.

"I can never thank you enough, sir," he said, extending his hand.

The officer looked at him shrewdly.

"Thanks for the mate?" he said. "What's the world coming to? Had a good time, eh?"

"The most wonderful time that ever was," said Mr. Trevor. "Are you married, sir?"

"Very much so," said the mate with a bit of a grin. "Why?"

"I think it must be a very good thing for a man who follows the sea," said Mr. Trevor, judicially. "Yes, very good. Steadies him up, gives him something to work for, all that kind of thing."

The mate's dry smile came, but he was friendly all the same.

"That's so, Jimmie," he said, quite seriously, so that a fellow knew he meant it. "And are you thinking of taking the plunge?"

"Sure," said Mr. Trevor. "I met the lady to-night. I'm going to marry her next voyage."

"Well, well, well," said the mate, awed, "when it comes to quick work you can even teach the Yanks something. Next voyage, eh? That's fine. I hope you have lots of kids, and she's in the money. Well, well, well, our Mr. Trevor a married man! You must ask me to the wedding."

"Sure! That's a bet!"

"Thanks a lot, Jimmie. And now you'd better turn in. It's a tiring business getting engaged. But in the morning, see you're out early, and slip up to the dockhead and get me a quart of coffee from the stall and the morning paper. If Mrs. Trevor can make coffee like they do at that stall, you're an even luckier man than you think you are."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmie.

The mate's sardonic grin stretched wider as he looked after the small figure who walked the iron deck as if it were made of air.

Next morning Mr. Trevor still walked on air when he did the errand for the mate. Of course, he didn't look at the bulky foreign paper which never had any news in it despite its size and huge headlines—not news that you could read, like the papers in London. So he missed the story about the theft of the Herschell diamonds, and the rival gangs who'd played hide-and-seek with them through the bright lights of Broadway. He didn't need to read of Yvette in smudged print. He had his own vivid picture of her, clad in white samite, mystic, wonderful.

That was nice for him. And for Yvette.

END

I.11.41

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In places where they know what's what

People who know what quality really means ask, ask, ask for Weston Biscuits! And, sorry as we are to say it, they only too often have to go unsatisfied.

Our four factories are working twenty-four hours a day. Our vans are delivering Weston Biscuits to every place, large and small, in the country. And yet supply falls far short of demand.

Weston policy is, and always will be, to make biscuits as good as they can be made; to sell them at economical prices; and to supply them rapidly—fresh from the ovens—to grocers everywhere.

You want Weston Biscuits. Your grocer wants to sell them to you. And we want him to be able to. So go on—ask, ask, ask for them—sometimes, anyway, you will be lucky!

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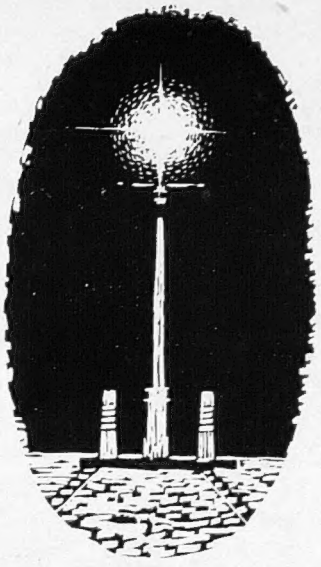

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Peace again. Better and broader days for all men. But it's going to be an uncomfortable time for the man who can't look into his conscience and say, "These great days I helped to bring."

Be one of those who can feel proud of all they did to help the coming of the Great Day. Do this duty now. It is a clear and simple duty. Look into your bank balance. Fix a figure to cover your needs. All money in excess of that sum invest at once in 3% Savings Bonds—and make a habit of doing this regularly.

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